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TOPICS • OF • THE • DAY

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STARTING THE CAMPAIGN FIGHT OVER PROHIBITION

THAT PROHIBITION WOULD BE the fighting issue of the campaign, like "free silver" in 1896, was predicted months ago by some of the politically minded. That it is the issue is now confidently asserted by a host of editors and press correspondents, who find that the both political conventions tried to avoid anything but a general "law-enforcement" platform declaration, Governor Smith's forthright statement favoring modification of the existing "dry" laws plunged the question "into the electoral battle with a splash." The prominence of the issue is universally admitted, its paramountcy widely conceded; its appearance in the open is welcomed here and there, but few editors are bold enough to predict that this campaign will bring a final solution of the problem. Just as there was talk of a farm-belt "bolt" at Kansas City, so there was discussion of a "dry" defection after Governor Smith's telegram was read at Houston. As the editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* explains, "the law-enforcement plank in the platform means little or nothing to the ardent dries of the South, when it is so immediately carpeted with this declaration of purpose by the Presidential candidate." So various dry leaders in the Democracy have hinted that they will not support the Smith-Robinson ticket, and a meeting of die-hard dries has been called for the middle of this month at Asheville. Spokesmen for Prohibitionist organizations have been sounding the call to arms for what they call "the greatest Prohibition battle the nation has yet seen." And yet influential Democratic dries like Senator Glass and Josephus Daniels call upon all good Democrats to support the party ticket, and political correspondents see as yet little prospect of any sensational break in the Solid South. For the convenience of our readers, the statements on Prohibition made by both candidates and both party platforms are quoted on the following page.

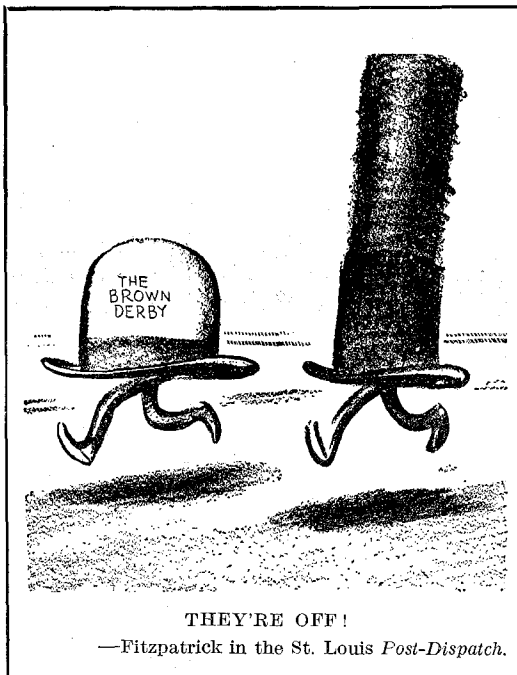
Since it was written in the interests of party harmony, it is not surprising to find the "law-enforcement plank" of the Houston platform spoken of as dry, as wet, and as non-committal. The *Tulsa Tribune* (Ind.) thinks it gives all the advantage to the "States' rights adherents, the guzzlers, and Tammany's saloon-keeper friends." On the other hand the *Nashville Tennessean* (Dem.) thinks that the only possible construction is that it is "solemn notice to the nullifiers everywhere that the Democratic party, if restored to power, will use all of the machinery of government to make Prohibition of the nefarious liquor traffic effective in every section of our country." But it may be remembered

that Chairman Key Pittman of the platform committee at Houston went on record as saying that in his opinion the plank "does not bind any dry not to continue to fight for any dry law that exists—or drier if he could conceive of anything drier—and equally, it does not bind any wet from seeking to change the law." The plank, thinks the *Macon Telegraph* (Dem.), is enough to satisfy any reasonable man—"the dries could not want more, nor could those who champion modification ask less." The *Birmingham News* (Dem.) considers the plank politically prudent and the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.) finds it hard to see how either party could have adopted anything except such "slick and meaningless" planks, as finally appeared in the platforms, because "both groups embrace bone-dries, moderate dries, wets, modificationists, and repealers, and both parties are under the political compulsion of doing nothing that would affront any of these elements."

But if the platform avoided the issue, the candidate did not, for Governor Smith told the convention exactly where he stood on Prohibition in his telegram acknowledging the nomination. This statement has been called courageous, frank, and honest by papers of all parties and of varying views on Prohibition. Few candidates, says the *Boston Post* (Dem.), "have been so courageous in meeting a ticklish question." The *Baltimore Sun* (Ind.) thinks the Governor "preserved his self-respect and dignified his party." The *Republican Chicago Tribune* finds the statement a "refreshing contrast to the pettifogging and pusillanimity of both the party platforms." And in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Ind.) we read:

"Whatever may be the opinion as to the righteousness, or as to the political effects, of this declaration—and there will be radically opposing views as to both—it is unquestionably that of a man who has the courage of his convictions, and who is not willing that the public should rest under any misapprehensions as to his views or as to his intentions. He has made it clear to the convention which nominated him, to the Democratic party which has chosen him as its leader, and to the people generally, not merely that his opinion is unaltered, but that he definitely purposes, if elected President, to recommend legislation making 'fundamental changes in the present provisions for national Prohibition,' and he will do this because he feels it to be his duty. Whether one agrees with him or violently disagrees, one must honor the honest courage of his declaration at this time when his destiny hangs on the utterance."

And from a representative of the dry Democrats of the South, the *Birmingham News*, comes this tribute:



"Honest believers in Prohibition should welcome the straightforwardness of a man like Smith, now that they have had to deal so long with lushing hypocrites, shouting for a reform which they defile in practice—better, infinitely better, a disbeliever who knows his duty and does it than an avowed believer who will not recognize his obligation. . . .

"The Eighteenth Amendment is safe and the Volstead Law will remain the law of the land, so long as Congress does not alter it."

WHERE THEY STAND ON PROHIBITION

REPUBLICAN PARTY PLATFORM PLANK

The people through the method provided by the Constitution have written the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution.

The Republican party pledges itself and its nominees to the observance and vigorous enforcement of this provision of the Constitution.

MR. HOOVER'S REPLY TO SENATOR BORAH, FEBRUARY 23, 1928

I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I stand, of course, for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen President has, under his oath, the solemn duty to pursue this course.

Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively.

HERBERT HOOVER IN A *Christian Science Monitor* INTERVIEW, PUBLISHED MARCH 11, 1925

There is no question, in my opinion, that Prohibition is making America more productive.

There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of Prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, Prohibition has proved its case.

I think increased temperance over the land is responsible for a good share of the enormously increased efficiency in production which statistics, gathered by the Department of Commerce, show to have followed the passage of the dry law.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY PLATFORM PLANK

Speaking for the national Democracy this convention pledges the party and its nominees for an honest effort to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and all other provisions of the Federal Constitution and all laws enacted pursuant thereto.

GOVERNOR SMITH, JUNE 9, 1928

If it is the will of the people of this nation that I am to take an oath as President of the United States to protect and defend our Constitution and laws, I will execute that oath to the limit of my ability without reservation or evasion.

It is well known that I believe there should be fundamental changes in the present provision for national Prohibition. . . . While I fully appreciate that these changes can only be made by the people themselves through their elected legislative representatives, I feel it to be the duty of the chosen leader of the people to point the way which, in his opinion, leads to a sane, sensible solution of a condition which I am convinced is entirely unsatisfactory to the great mass of our people.

Common honesty compels us to admit that corruption of law-enforcement officials, bootlegging, and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout this country. I am satisfied that, without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held and still hold was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country; by the application of the Democratic principles of local self-government and State's rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law, and eradication of the existing evils.

ing two or three of the usually Democratic border States, if need be. For his element in the Democratic party to keep control, it must demonstrate that it can carry Eastern States like New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. His wet stand is directed toward that end."

"So the November election probably will turn on just how wet Ohio and Illinois are, how extensively the cities in those two States will turn to the city candidate from New York, rather than on what the Republican farmers do in three or four Northwestern States with few electoral votes, or on what the Democrats do in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Oklahoma."

In contrast with some of the opinions already quoted, we find the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) considering the Governor a party to the Houston compromise on Prohibition—"Governor Smith accepted the nomination without qualification, and condoned the compromise which made it possible." The platform compromise, continues this Republican daily, "has gravely compromised the force and sincerity of his prospective campaign for modification." So we are told that "a vote for Governor Smith will be a vain gesture, so far as practical progress toward modification is concerned." The New Haven *Register* (Ind.) agrees that "it would have been better if Mr. Smith had sent the telegram to the convention before the nomination was completed, that it might have voted more intelligently on the candidacy of the various men whose names were before it." However, agrees the Connecticut paper, "Prohibition is not the paramount issue of the campaign." And there is the attitude of the Richmond *News Leader*, which praises Governor Smith's frankness, but concludes that "Prohibition will continue in the Constitution, and whether Smith or Hoover be elected, honest men will make whatever effort they can to find the best way of enforcing it." Nor does the Washington *Post* (Ind.), see much chance of a show-down on Prohibition in this campaign:

"Thus Mr. Hoover's statement that Prohibition should be dealt with 'constructively' and Governor Smith's notice that he favors 'fundamental changes' do not necessarily mean that either of them, if elected, would be called upon to do more than enforce the law as it stands. The people must thrash out this question in States and Congressional districts before it can become a matter of legislation in Congress."

But when the Democratic delegates left Houston, writes William Allen White in one of his New York *Herald Tribune* dispatches, "they knew that Smith had rewritten the platform and made Prohibition the major issue of the campaign." Here agree correspondents like Carter Field of the *Herald Tribune* and Clinton W. Gilbert of the New York *Evening Post*, and newspapers like the New York *Sun* (Ind. Rep.), New York *Telegram* (Ind.), Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), St. Louis *Star* (Ind.), and Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.). As the Denver *Post* (Ind.) puts it:

"Hoover declares for Prohibition. Smith opposes Prohibition. Candidates, rather than platforms, determine the issues. And these candidates have made Prohibition THE big issue."

Thus Governor Smith's race for the Presidency, comments the Louisville *Times* (Dem.), may be in some ways "in the nature of a referendum on the question of modification of the Volstead Law." In this campaign, at any rate, says the St. Joseph *News-Press* (Ind.), "the Republican party will be the dry party, and the Democratic party the wet party." And we read in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.):

"Regardless of parties, it is to be expected that wet elements,

Without denying the Governor's courage, other papers hold that his statement was good politics. The Springfield *Union* (Rep.) thinks "he must be credited with the political sagacity to perceive the expediency and even necessity of promptly assuring his wet supporters in New York and elsewhere, that he has not changed his position, and does not expect to." Writes Robert Barry, in the New York *Evening World*: "The Governor is held to have gained everything through his amazing candor, and to have lost nothing." The Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) puts it this way: "If the dry South and the other dry parts of the Democratic party have accepted Al Smith, it is with the definite understanding that, as a wet and as a liberal, he will be a great vote-getter in the urban, industrial centers of the North, and may carry the States which must be carried if the party is to be successful." Governor Smith's tactics, according to Clinton W. Gilbert, of the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), are obvious:

"He aims to make sure of the East, even at the cost of alienat-

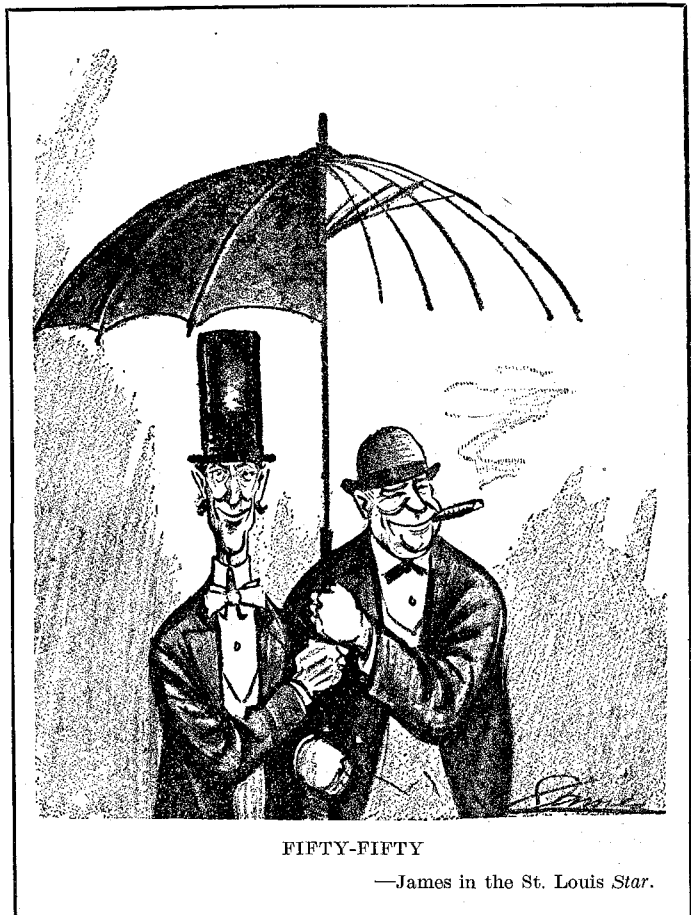
to a large extent, will draw to Smith and dry elements to Hoover. It is likely to involve a very considerable realignment of party following, for unquestionably many Republicans will support Smith on the declaration, and many Democrats will support Hoover because of it."

That Prohibition will thus be brought out into the open as a political issue is welcomed by the *New York Times*, *Evening Post*, and *Evening World*; by the *Kansas City Star*, and by the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*. From the *Topeka Capital* (Rep.) comes the question: "If any considerable number of dries stand by Smith and he receives a big wet vote also, will not his resulting election then appear to Congress as a mandate from the people to repeal the Prohibition Law, as it appeared regarding the League of Nations in 1920? And something like an answer appears in a *Washington Star* (Ind.) editorial:

"If Smith, a wet, is elected to the Presidency, it will be a victory for the wets, even tho he may be aided by the dry Democratic States of the South. And if a President of the United States with wet leanings is elected, it may have its effect upon the election of a Congress. The wets are counting greatly upon such a nation-wide victory. They believe that members of the House and Senate, if it is demonstrated that a wet can win nationally, will become less dry politically themselves."

But what do the dry leaders think of the Smith pronouncement? In the Democratic ranks, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, author of the Prohibition plank finally adopted at Houston, considers any change in Prohibition a matter for Congress rather than the President, and thinks that it "is literally folly to make Prohibition the outstanding issue of a Presidential campaign." Similarly, Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, declares that dry Democrats should vote for Smith for the sake of other issues than Prohibition, "but they should stand in Congress like a stone wall against any recommendation that Smith as President would make to modify the Prohibition-enforcement act."

But other Democratic dries are not so easily satisfied. State Senator Thomas Love, a prominent party leader in Texas, is said to have announced that he will not support Smith. The leaders of the anti-Smith faction in Pennsylvania are said to have made up their minds not to support the party nominee. Senator Simmons of North Carolina has been quoted to the effect that



the Solid South will be badly split this year. Some of the women dries who held Prohibition prayer meetings at Houston are said to be considering a bolt. One of their representatives was heard to say: "the millions of women in the Democratic party will vote for Hoover before they will vote for Smith." A correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* reports Democratic admissions that the party would lose, because of the Smith statement, various districts in the border States, Missouri, North Carolina, and Florida. Bishop Cannon, of the Methodist Church, South, has tried to explain, in *The Nation*, the reason for the continued opposition of Southern Democratic dries: "Governor Smith is personally, ecclesiastically, aggressively, irreconcilably wet and is ineradicably Tammany-branded, with all the inferences and implications and objectionable consequences which naturally follow from such views and associations."

Dry chiefs, one after another, have been calling on their clans to fight Smith. Dr. F. Scott McBride, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, calls the Smith telegram a "challenge to constitutional government." Raymond Robins, of the Citizens Committee of One Thousand, attacks Governor Smith as "the consistent servant of the liquor traffic of the world in its death grapple with the moral forces that wrote the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution of the United States." "The real fight against Prohibition is on," declares Ernest H. Cherrington, an Anti-Saloon League leader.

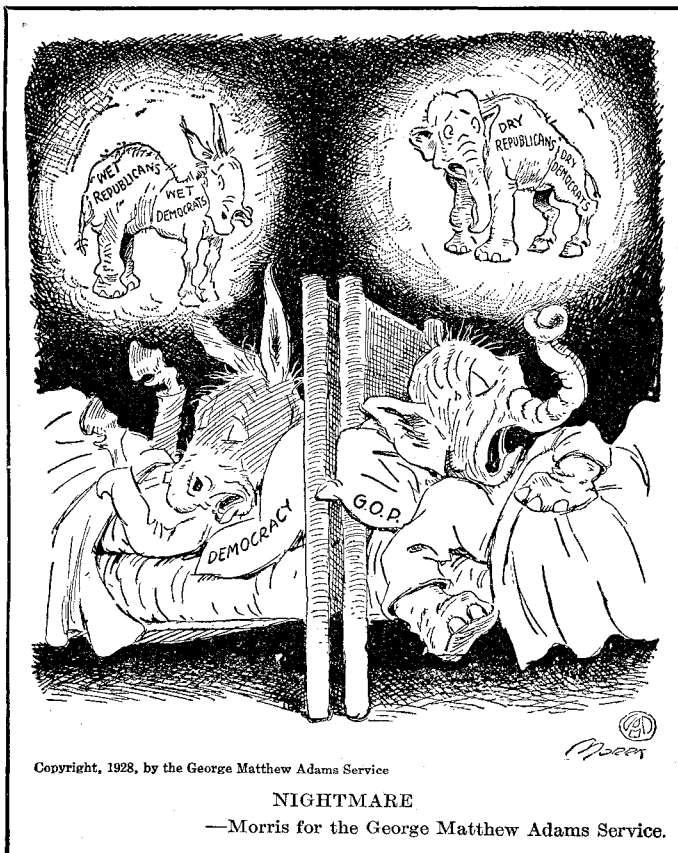
Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, says on the Prohibition issue:

"The country will vote dry—for economical reasons, if for no other.

"Much of the present prosperity is due to Prohibition. There is more money in the savings-banks; the children wear better shoes under Prohibition.

"On Prohibition the Republicans will gain more than they lose. But the wet and dry question is not enough to determine the Presidential election.

"Protection of the great American pay-roll, which is greater than the pay-roll of the rest of the world together—there's an issue."



THE DEMOCRATIC BID FOR THE FARM VOTE

NEXT TO PROHIBITION, farm-relief was the issue that required the most careful treatment in the Democratic platform, it is generally agreed. Neither the McNary-Haugen bill nor the equalization fee on which that measure was built is mentioned in the Democratic measure, but it is the belief of experienced political correspondents that the promise of "appropriate government aid" contained in the platform means an equalization fee of some sort. In other words, says David

relief plank, we are assured, was drawn by the leaders of the farm groups themselves, the details of specific legislation being left to the future. In the opinion of Mr. Lawrence, "the crux of the farm plank is in the promise of 'appropriate government aid' to cooperative associations in the form of credit loans on a parity with the terms of the loans authorized by the Government to aid shipping. The most definite assurance, however, that the equalization-fee method or a similar formula will be used is the following sentence":

SPLINTERS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC FARM-RELIEF PLANK

"FOUR years ago the Republican party pledged itself to take all steps necessary to bring back a balanced condition between agriculture and other industries and labor. To-day it faces the country, not only with that pledge unredeemed, but broken by the acts of a Republican President who is primarily responsible for the failure to offer a constructive program to restore equality to agriculture.

"Producers of crops whose total volume exceeds the needs of the domestic market must continue at a disadvantage until the Government shall intervene as seriously and as effectively in behalf of the farmer as it has intervened in behalf of labor and industry. There is a need of supplemental legislation for the control and orderly handling of agricultural surpluses, in order that the price of the surplus may not determine the price of the whole crop. Labor has benefited by collective bargaining and some industries by tariff. Agriculture must be as effectively aided.

"The Democratic party in its 1924 platform pledged its support to such legislation. It now reaffirms that stand and pledges the united efforts of the legislative and executive branches of government, as far as may be controlled by the party, to the immediate enactment of such legislation, and to such other steps as are necessary to place and maintain the purchasing power of farm products and the complete economic equality of agriculture.

"In its tariff policy the Democratic party will insist upon equality of treatment between agriculture and other industries.

"The Democratic party pledges the establishment of a new agricultural policy fitted to present conditions, under the direction of a farm board vested with all the powers necessary to accomplish for agriculture what the Federal Reserve Board has been able to accomplish for finance. * * * *

"We pledge the party to foster and develop cooperative marketing associations through appropriate government aid.

"We pledge the party to an earnest endeavor to solve this problem of the distribution of the cost of dealing with crop surpluses over the marketed units of the crop whose producers are benefited by such assistance. The solution of this problem would avoid government subsidy, to which the Democratic party has always been opposed. The solution of this problem will be a prime and immediate concern of a Democratic administration."

Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "the Democratic farm-relief plan calls for a way to bear the losses incidental to the sale of surplus crops at a loss in the foreign markets by distributing such cost on the producers of that commodity."

To a number of Republican newspapers and independent dailies with Republican leanings, there was manifest among the platform makers at Houston an effort to outdo the Kansas City framers in the matter of agricultural planks. There are strong hints that the Democrats intend, by repeated declarations of devotion to the farmers' interests, to win some of the agrarian States now enrolled under the Republican banner. The farm-

"We pledge the (Democratic) party to an honest endeavor to solve this problem of the distribution of the cost of dealing with crop surpluses over the marketed units of the crop whose producers are benefited by such assistance."

In the opinion of the independent Houston *Post-Dispatch*, the Democratic farm-plank "recognizes the many-sided nature of the agricultural problem and pledges the party to legislation that will place agriculture on a parity with industry and labor." Besides the aid mentioned, continues the Houston paper:

"These remedies include the creation of a Federal farm board modeled along the lines of the Federal Reserve Board, and having nothing in common with the McNary-Haugen price-fixing board; reduction of the 'spread' between the farmer and the stock-raiser on the one hand and the consumer on the other; farm-relief through equitable tax adjustments and tariff revisions; better administration of Federal rural credit laws; and an 'earnest endeavor' to solve the problem of crop surpluses through appropriate legislation, and without resorting to government subsidies."

To Gray Silver, Counselor of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Democratic farm-relief plank "constitutes the broadest and most far-reaching promise to farmers that any party ever made." Governor McMullen (Rep.), of Nebraska, says the plank is "satisfactory to the farm organizations, because it embodies specifically the provisions of the McNary-Haugen bill, altho it does not use the term 'equalization fee.'" Half a dozen other farm leaders agree that the Democrats at Houston drafted an "epoch-making" plank, as one of them puts it.

Papers of each party are naturally eager to prove that theirs is the better plank. Take, for example, the Democratic Birmingham *Age-Herald*: "Republicans offer in their farm plank the honeyed assurances of the hawker anxious to palm off his goods. Democrats, on the other hand, offer the tangible proofs of a friendship which has never waned":

"The Democratic party has always been the friend of agriculture. It came into being as the voice of agrarian interests and aspirations. It is still the voice of these interests and aspirations, in the light of the extraordinary burdens which the modern day imposes on tillers of the soil."

Of the paragraph in the Democratic platform promising to endeavor to solve the problem of crop surpluses, the Omaha *World-Herald*, independent but with Democratic leanings, says:

"This is the very heart of the McNary-Haugen plan, for which thirty farm organizations have been contending, and to which Nebraska republicanism in general was committed—before it was turned down in the Kansas City convention.

"In addition to the machinery to make this plan effective, the Democratic platform pledges to agriculture the traditional party remedy of a reduction of 'monopolistic and extortionate tariff rates' and the fixing of 'duties that will permit effective competition,' so that the farmer will be able to buy in a competitive rather than a monopolistic market.

"While the Republican party refuses to make its protective tariff policy effective for agriculture, the Democratic party insists that its doctrine of equal rights and privileges for all shall be made applicable to the farmers the same as to any other class."

The heaviest broadside against the Republican farm-plank, however, seems to come from the independent Democratic New York *World*, which says:

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is the main craving of the American woman? (p. 14).
2. Can sound be seen? (p. 20).
3. What was the inscription for the Louvain Library that caused riots? (p. 11).
4. What is the dominant note in Japanese religious life? (p. 27).
5. What famous English statesman advised the suffragists to "kick up a row"? (p. 30).
6. Who is Gustav Hartmann? (p. 16).
7. What is "earthquake weather"? (p. 19).
8. Do American women suffer from any "social stigma" from being workers? (p. 14).
9. Who invented the expression "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages"? (p. 24).
10. What percentage of industrial accidents are preventable? (p. 18).
11. Why are many of the Yosemite trees in danger of being cut down? (p. 47).
12. What is the particular difficulty in the problem of the city boy? (p. 28).
13. Is there any danger of the human race dying of starvation? (p. 15).
14. Who is Hugo von Hofmannsthal? (p. 22).
15. What is an "ornithopter"? (p. 21).
16. How many insects are said to have visited one sunflower in a day? (p. 46).
17. Wherein can science be regarded as an aid to faith? (p. 28).
18. According to Mary Borden, how is the American woman's social position sustained? (p. 15).
19. Why does Sir Leo Chiozza Money condemn the American immigration laws? (p. 17).
20. Who was the chief speaker at the last Rhodes dinner at Oxford? (p. 25).
21. Who first described the atom scientifically? (p. 20).
22. What identification is demanded of aliens entering the United States since July 1? (p. 12).
23. In what country do the natives try to drive away locusts by means of loud noises? (p. 49).
24. What forms of life defy decapitation? (p. 19).
25. How many times a day does a healthy silkworm eat? (p. 40).

"In so far as the evils from which agriculture is suffering rise from acts of the Government, they are directly traceable to the fact that the Republican party is controlled by the great tariff-protected industries of the East, by the railroads, the banks, and the power companies.

"The policies of these interests have uniformly been devoted to promoting the growth of great combinations of capital. At almost every point where the interests of agriculture, of labor, of small-scale businesses and of bankers and business men interested in foreign trade have conflicted with these great combinations, the Coolidge Administration has thrown its whole influence on behalf of the great combinations. Mr. Coolidge would, no doubt, have been willing to sign some sort of farm-relief bill. But it never occurred to him that farm-relief was a problem which he ought to make one of his own worries."

We now come to the independent and Republican dailies which prefer the Republican farm plank, as against the Democratic. First, maintains the *Chicago Evening Post* (Ind.), "the parallel that is repeatedly drawn between the Federal Reserve Board and the proposed Federal farm board is a parallel existing in words only; it does not exist in the conditions, circumstances, and needs of the two groups." Furthermore, asks the *Omaha Bee-News* (Rep.), recalling that twelve Democratic Senators voted to sustain the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill—"How much sincerity is behind the wordy farm plank adopted at Houston?" "It offers nothing of more tangible value to the farmer than the one in the Republican platform," declares the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* (Rep.), "for there is nothing of tangible value that can be offered without stirring up hornets' nests in other directions." True, admits the *Lincoln State Journal* (Ind.):

"The farmer has not been able to secure as much more for his products since the war as he must pay for some of the things that he buys, but that is true also of a great many who have no tariff protection whatever, and for whose vote nobody is specially angling. The reason that this condition exists in agriculture is because of the operation of economic law. The operation of this law has given him the advantage at other times, and it will do it again when agriculture is reorganized on modern business lines. Certainly no statutory law can ever keep any industry on an even keel with all other industries, and nobody claims so outside of political campaign seasons.

"Of equal veracity is the statement that the farmer is denied equality before the law. He is given a forty-two cent tariff on wheat and no duty whatever on farm implements. What law could permanently insure him higher prices for his wheat and lower prices for his implements where he is producing more wheat than can be consumed in this country, and where he is buying

duty-free farm implements in such numbers that the prices naturally soar?"

In the opinion of a Democratic daily, the *Savannah News*:

"Farm-relief has got to be based on something else than governmental financing of surpluses and by raising the prices of farm products by such artificial methods as will not give the farmer any greater net return for his crops.

"The carrying of surpluses means the use of money that somebody has to provide, and if that money assures the farmer a better price for a certain crop, he will increase his acreage the next year in that crop."

From Providence, a New England manufacturing center, comes, by way of *The Journal* (Ind.), this final indictment of the Democratic farm plank:

"This plank is so extreme that the party itself must be in doubt if it could ever translate it into legislation. Certainly no President, either Democratic or Republican, could sign a bill embodying all of the principles of the Houston plank without doing violence to the economic fundamentals on which the progress of the United States has depended for decades past. The promise of relief that it holds out to the farmers is so broad that they themselves must be suspicious of its usefulness.

"The Houston plank contradicts itself when it says that 'we pledge the party to foster and develop cooperative marketing associations through appropriate government aid,' and then proceeds to commit the party to the creation of a national board with such autocratic powers as to hold every cooperative organization at its mercy. The Kansas City farm plank pledges the Government to the development of cooperative marketing organizations. But it proposes to create a Federal board with advisory powers only. It would be established to counsel and advise, not to command and dictate. The Republican formula recognizes the truth that American agriculture can be permanently successful only in so far as it learns more clearly how to support itself; the Democratic formula accepts the theory that the American farmer has become a helpless individual and must be saved, if at all, not through his own efforts, but by a Federal bureau.

"What hope can there ultimately be for any industry that is willing to deliver itself unreservedly into the hands of a Federal bureau with autocratic powers? It ill becomes a party that has for more than a century preached the doctrine of local self-government to pledge itself to establish in Washington a farm board that is to be entrusted with power to tell a local community not only how much wheat, or cotton, or corn, it can put upon the market, but also what price it can charge for the products it has raised. Such doctrine is not only subversive of our best American economic principles, but it is also contrary to the tenets of personal liberty and private rights preached by both major parties throughout the history of this nation."

WHAT OBREGON'S ELECTION MEANS

THE USE OF FIRING SQUADS as a sort of "elimination primary" is not considered proper campaign etiquette on this side of the Rio Grande, as one newspaper sagely observes, but in Mexico, at least, it made the Presidential election of July 1 the most peaceful in the country's history. Two of the three candidates—Generals Francisco Serrano and Arnulfo Gomez—were eliminated last October by that drastic method, it will be remembered. This left Gen. Alvaro Obregon, who was President four years ago, as the sole candidate to be voted for; so he was "unanimously" elected to succeed his friend and supporter, President Calles, beginning December 1. And this time owing to a change in the law, he is to hold office for six years.

To Americans the fact that Obregon stands pledged to continue the policies of Calles seems in the main to be satisfactory, judging from the press comment; but this was the issue that led the opposition candidates to attempt armed revolution. They charged that Calles and Obregon were seeking to perpetuate themselves in office by taking the Presidency, "turn about," under the new law. Opinions differ as to whether or not President Calles was justified in the iron-handed measures which he used to suppress their revolt. The New York *World* holds that—

"No one need waste any regrets over the rivals of Obregon, Serrano, and Gomez, who were so expeditiously put out of the race months ago. They were revolutionaries who hoped to ride into power on a military coup, and their success would have been a victory for reaction in all that pertains to land, labor, and the treatment of foreign problems. Far as Mexico still is from true democracy, the Calles-Obregon régime offers the best hope for a steady development of civilian leadership—and of the literacy, prosperity, and patriotism which alone can make democracy possible."

On the other hand, the Baltimore *Sun* thinks that President Obregon will enter office under a cloud because of these executions. While disapproving of dictatorship methods, however, the same editor sees this brighter aspect:

"The custodianships of Obregon and Calles, on the other hand, have been steadily inculcating a constructive nationalism and preparing Mexico for an era when democratic government will be possible and natural. It is easy to single out particular actions of these régimes for sharp criticisms. But to view the panorama of the past eight years as a whole is to forgive much in the light of the undoubted advance which has been made."

That Obregon will be the best man to complete the good work begun by President Calles and Ambassador Morrow in clearing up the oil and land controversies which long disturbed the relations between the United States and Mexico is the belief of

observers in both countries. The Associated Press correspondent at Mexico City says the change is regarded there as insuring an era of international good-will. The New York *Times*, summarizing Obregon's domestic policies, says:

"The people are to have no illusions about his policies. In March he came out for temperance and against gambling. 'Reaction,' he said, 'is our principal enemy, and alcohol is its most formidable ally.' His attitude toward foreign capital is friendly, but it must cooperate and not come with 'conquest in view.' He pleads for liberty of conscience. 'For us,' he says, 'the Roman Catholic, the evangelist, and persons of every sect and opinion are equally respectable.' He earnestly desires adjustment of the religious controversy, but to him the rebels of Jalisco are 'wicked.' He declares that the United States would have no good reason for restricting Mexican immigration. He wants to establish a merchant marine. He is for irrigation and good roads. He promises to continue those policies of President Calles that have promoted the economic development of the country."

The most pressing problem which will face the new President, in the opinion of the Springfield *Union*, will be the settlement of the controversy with the Roman Catholic Church. Negotiations between Rome and Mexico City are already under way, it adds, and presumably the transfer of authority

will not affect them, unless it be for the better. The New York *Sun* notes that General Obregon, in a statement, reaffirms the conciliatory attitude which he expressed three years ago. To the Providence *News*:

"It will not be at all surprising if the result of Obregon's election is a fairly swift settlement of the religious problem. Obregon, as far as we know, has never dissociated himself from the Calles persecution of the Catholics, but he is free from the stigma of having actually taken part in it. He is, therefore, much better situated than Calles has been to make compromises in the direction of establishing religious liberty in Mexico comparable to that in this country."

Obregon's election also brings with it some important change in Mexico's political system. A majority of the State legislatures, the dispatches tell us, have ratified General Obregon's amendments to the Constitution reducing the number of Federal deputies from more than 300 to 150, providing that Supreme Court Judges shall hereafter be appointed by the President instead of being elected, and establishing Federal commissions instead of elected mayors and boards of aldermen to rule Mexico City and other towns in the Federal District. The last-named measure is expected to diminish the power of Luis Morones, Secretary of Labor, Obregon's political enemy. "The Labor party," according to the Mexico City correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, "may thus be doomed to disappear from the political field, because General Obregon is against the interference of organized labor in politics."



International Newsreel photograph

MEXICO'S RULER FOR THE NEXT SIX YEARS

General Alvaro Obregon, who will succeed General Plutarco Calles as President of Mexico on December 1.

THE WORD WAR ON THE LOUVAIN FRONT

SHALL WE CONTINUE to build monuments to hate, ten years after the World War? Or ought wars to end with the signing of peace treaties? This, it seems, is the question raised at Louvain, that Belgian city near Brussels which was known as the intellectual metropolis of the Low Countries before the war. Fourteen years after the partial destruction of the city and the almost complete obliteration of the Louvain Library by the German Army of Occupation, the city and all of Belgium are divided into two camps by the question of the propriety of carving into the balustrade of the new university library the inscription: "Destroyed by German Fury; Restored by American Generosity." This inscription, written by a Belgian, approved by Cardinal Mercier, and chiseled under the direction of the American architect of the library building, Whitney Warren, has caused a dispute that has gone beyond the stage of bitter controversy. It has caused rioting, divided the Belgian people, embarrassed the Government, and caused the royal family to intimate that it would take no part in the dedication ceremonies. The attitude of Louvain students and that part of the Belgian public which upholds the stand of the American architect is thus stated by a Brussels newspaper: "If an inscriptionless balustrade goes up, we might as well take down our war monuments."

Mr. Warren, who has instituted court proceedings against Monsignor Ladeuze, rector of the university, declares that 90 per cent. of the Belgian people approve his inscription. In a Paris dispatch to the *New York Times*, Mr. Warren is quoted as saying:

"As the architect and artist of the Library building, I possess the right to insist that the building shall be constructed as planned, and even after the completion of the building I have the right to insist that the structure shall be maintained as I built it. If the rector intervenes and carries out his intention of completing the building without the inscription, I shall feel it my duty to fulfil my promise to the late Cardinal Mercier, to whom the rebuilding of the library is due, that the inscription shall be placed as he approved it. I shall file suit against Monsignor Ladeuze, and carry the fight to the highest court in Belgium. I shall do this with the full conviction that, if the Belgian people yield this question, they will be yielding to the Germans."

The issue, says a Brussels dispatch, "seems to be, as numbers of the townspeople of Louvain see it, whether Louvain is to help Berlin whitewash the memory of German excesses. The press seems to be divided. The people of Louvain, who have not forgotten what happened here in August, 1914, are almost

unanimous in the desire to have at least one public indictment thereof." According to the *Springfield Union*:

"The Belgian press is divided on the question of the inscription and feeling is running high in that country. Mr. Warren is supported by the younger element in Louvain, particularly the students. Monsignor Ladeuze first tried to prevail upon Mr. Warren to select a milder inscription, and then, with the aid of the police, prevented the placing of the stones upon which the disputed inscription had been carved. Monsignor Ladeuze has

the support of the more responsible Belgians, who realize that no good will come from a perpetual reminder to the Germans of one of the deplorable incidents of the war."

In the United States, says the *Philadelphia Record*, "it is profoundly to be regretted that an undertaking which might well be made to signalize peace and reconciliation among nations has become, instead, a cause of international ill-feeling." The neighboring *Inquirer* believes "it is pretty safe to say that, if Cardinal Mercier were still alive, he would agree, in the circumstances, with Monsignor Ladeuze." The first clause of the Warren inscription, "Destroyed by German Fury," believes the *New York World*, "expresses the base emotions of chauvinism and vindictiveness; its second clinks American money-bags with silly boastfulness." Furthermore, declares the *Providence News*, "it is as unseemly for a nation to boast of its

generosity as for a woman to boast of her virtue."

The Commission for Relief in Belgium Educational Foundation, of New York City, which is said to have collected the larger share of funds for building the Louvain Library, recently explained that—

"The fund for rebuilding of the new Louvain Library was raised by public subscription from public schools, colleges, universities, churches of every denomination, police and fire departments, and thousands of private individuals, all in the United States, under the direction first of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, and subsequently of the C. R. B. Educational Foundation through its Chairman, Mr. Hoover. The building has been under construction for some three years. More than a year ago the authorities of the university inquired if the donors insisted upon the inscription proposed by Mr. Whitney Warren, the American architect, and suggested other inscriptions which would not be so objectionable to those who believed that the war was over.

"The authorities of the university were informed that the library was the outright gift of the American people, and that it was the right of the university authorities alone to determine what the inscription was to be."

Even if this were not the case, maintain the majority of American editors, the Warren inscription could serve no other



Drawn for the *New York Herald Tribune* by E. H. Suydam

THE NEW LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Designed by Whitney Warren, American architect, and built chiefly with American funds. This building, minus the inscription which raised such a furor in Belgium, was dedicated on July 4.

purpose than to keep alive old grudges that are better forgotten. In an editorial upon the student riot, the *Hartford Times* explains that—

"It is human nature for the Belgian people, who remember the circumstances in which Louvain University was ruthlessly destroyed, to act as some of them did, but it is humiliating that a prominent American should have provided the occasion for a demonstration of this sort. For, after all, from every point of view, the rector of the university is right. No good can come of reminding future generations of hate and fury, or of incidents of war which ought to be, if not forgotten, at least kept in proper perspective. A library of all places should promote the essential fraternity of all men, particularly a community of scholars. This the Belgian rector understands, and he would undoubtedly have won his point had it not been for the gratuitous insistence of Mr. Warren, an American, that hate should be immortalized in eternal stone."

At a period in the world's history when everything possible is being done to eliminate the causes of bitterness and hatreds which lead to war, asserts the *Troy Times*, "it is exceedingly tactless to flaunt such an objectionable and permanent inscription on a public building open to thousands of visitors from all over the world." Besides, points out the *Manchester Union*, the new Germany is doing her part to restore harmony among the combatants in the World War. As the *Chicago Tribune* remarks:

"The destruction of Louvain was deplorable, and no one of good sense doubts it is regretted by right-minded Germans even more than by other nationals. The Belgian head of Louvain realizes this and, being neighbor to Germany and desirous of restoring tolerable relations with her people, he does not wish a bitter and provocative memory to be flaunted forever before them and his own people. That is good sense and magnanimity, highly creditable to him.

"On the other hand, common decency ought to prevent any American from wishing either to keep alive enmity between the Belgian and German peoples or to advertise an American donation under the pompous claim of 'generosity.'"

As the *Washington Post* sees the present impasse:

"Whitney Warren, the American architect of the Louvain Library, is standing out for the original inscription on two grounds, apparently: First, that the building was erected by American funds, and secondly, that the inscription was approved by the late Cardinal Mercier.

"If the first reason is seriously put forward, the more quickly it is dropped the better. If the authority of Cardinal Mercier is cited, one must remember that he went through harrowing experiences which would rather tend to warp his judgment. If, however, he were ever so unprejudiced, no one, of course, will seriously contend that all the wisdom of all the ages was concentrated in the person of Cardinal Mercier, great and outstanding figure tho he undoubtedly was.

"The right of the matter lies with the rector who objects to the proposed inscription, embodying the phrase 'Destroyed by German fury,' as being in bad taste and tending needlessly to perpetuate race hatreds.

"After all, the library, by whomsoever rebuilt, is the property of the university of which Rector Ladeuze is the responsible head, and it is the corporation of that university, acting through its official and accredited representative, that has the sole right to determine the nature of the wording, if any, which it desires to have placed on the new building."

A NEW PLAN TO IDENTIFY ALIENS

THERE ARE A MILLION ALIENS in the United States who were smuggled in surreptitiously, and therefore have no right here, declares the *Milwaukee Journal*. They have shown no desire to become citizens, we are told, yet the job of locating and deporting them would be tremendous. But a beginning must be made some time, not only to keep tabs on the aliens illegally here, but also on the immigrants admitted under the quota law. This latter problem, believes the Department of Labor, has been solved by the system of passports which went into effect July 1. The plan to register our aliens having been frowned upon in Congress as too unwieldy, a substitute has been

found. The new order requires aliens entering this country to obtain identification cards from American consuls at the ports of departure abroad. These passports will contain the name of the immigrant, his description, and his photograph. In the opinion of immigration officials, it will not only facilitate the work of the Department, but will provide needed protection for the alien in identifying himself when he applies for citizenship papers. Until now, remarks the *Milwaukee paper*, "immigrants have had nothing to show legal entry into this country, so the smuggled alien has had nearly as good a chance to stay here as the bona fide entrant. The new regulation, since it applies to all arrivals henceforth, should

discourage smuggling." According to Secretary of Labor Davis, however:

"The primary purpose of the new order is to put in the hands of lawfully admitted immigrants a certificate which will enable them at all times to prove such legal admission, and it is confidently expected that the cards will prove to be of great value to the individual holders. For example:

"1. Verification of landing for permanent residence is now required in connection with declaration of intention for naturalization purposes, and this occasions delay and more or less expense which will be entirely obviated by the presentation to the proper authorities of an immigrant identification card.

"2. Evidence of legal admission for permanent residence is now required in the case of alien residents applying for reentry permits under the Immigration Act of 1924. In a great many instances there is much delay in issuing such permits because of the applicant's inability to give correct information as to the date or ship on which he entered.

"3. Some of the large employers of labor in the United States refuse to employ aliens except on evidence that they have been legally admitted for permanent residence, and the department understands that the number of such employers is increasing."

The smuggling of aliens, points out the *Springfield Republican*, acts as a serious curb to the effectiveness of the quota law, "therefore it is not unreasonable to put in force an order that will help to prevent the surreptitious entry of aliens." Right here, however, a question occurs to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

"Since the aliens without passports in the country enormously exceed those with passports, and will for years to come, will the new restriction prove as satisfactory as the bureau chiefs believe? Is not a more promising corrective of the evil to be found in a watchful surveillance at notorious points of illegal entry, rather than in a requirement which is not likely, under the difficulties of the problem, to prove so very effective?"



Wide World photograph

THE AUGUST, 1914, RUINS OF THE LOUVAIN LIBRARY

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

As the politicians see it, the farm problem is how to win the farm vote.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

JUDGING by the higher fees, the physicians are trying to heal themselves these days.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

MR. G. B. SHAW has seen and heard himself on the "Movie-tone," and is believed to have been favorably imprest.—*Punch*.

SURE; you can get rich without an education as Ford and Edison did, if you're a Ford or an Edison.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

WE'VE heard of dancing, swimming, running, eating, and sitting marathons, but as yet no one has suggested anything like a working marathon.—*Atchison Globe*.

So live that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town gossip.—*Troy Times*.

As was to be expected, the high temperature of Texas was disastrous to the Woollen boom.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

"Guns Guard 88 Books on Way to Harvard." Who says we aren't an intellectual nation?—*New York Evening Post*.

Now that a successor has been nominated, President Coolidge is at liberty to use worms if he wants to.—*San Diego Union*.

DOUBLE jeopardy is when two persons sitting at opposite sides of the table are eating grapefruit at the same time.—*Jackson News*.

AFTER careful study of the dry platform upon which Governor Smith is expected to stand we advise him to wear his rubbers.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

SOMEBODY has discovered in the Himalayas long-legged sheep that can run forty miles an hour. It would take that kind of a lamb to keep up with Mary nowadays.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

SCIENCE can explain everything except why a flivver makes a chicken think it lives on the other side of the street.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

SCIENCE now has produced a mechanical man that talks. Pshaw! This is Presidential year, and we've seen a lot of them.—*Palm Beach Post*.

THERE are more than 200,000 useless words in the English language, and just as many wrong ways of using the useful ones.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I presume," said Stanley in Darkest Africa, but in the Arctic nowadays a rescue party can not be so sure what eminent lost explorer it has found.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE most politically-minded woman in this neighborhood is waiting until she sees authentic pictures of Mrs. Al Smith in three or four different hats before definitely deciding how to vote.—*Ohio State Journal*.

THERE is a movement on foot to bring Mr. Blackmer, the oil witness, back for trial, but, as a taxpayer, our stand is that he can be acquitted just as well while he's in France and all that money saved.—*New York Evening Post*.

A POLITICIAN is a man who understands how to make his opinions behave.—*San Diego Union*.

THE old problem was to get to the North Pole. The problem to-day seems to be to get back from it.—*Marion Star*.

IF it is bandits the marines are after they could find thousands of them right here in the United States.—*Ashton Hood Syndicate*.

UNFORTUNATELY, a jury ignorant of the case usually remains in that state at the time of rendering the verdict.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

IF Commander Byrd takes a lesson from the Nobile Expedition he'll carry his rescue party right along with him when he starts for the South Pole.—*New York Evening Post*.

THERE is a politics that shapes our platforms, rough-hew them how we will.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

WHEN a woman changes her mind three times, perhaps her intuition is just getting the range.—*Los Angeles Times*.

SPAIN's dictator has broken with his fiancée. That's why we still refer to him as "Spain's dictator."—*South Bend Tribune*.

A NEW YORK marathon dancer was forced to quit because of a brain affection. No doubt that also made him start.—*Detroit News*.

TOKYO is amazed at the anti-Jap feeling in China. If your door-mat rares up and bites your ankle, you'll know how it is.—*Dallas News*.

"THE modern tendency," we are told, "is to have plays with unhappy endings." These sometimes occur after only about a week's run.—*Punch*.

THE G. O. P. has at last devised a platform plank that satisfies Senator Borah. With

a Californian for a candidate, the party just had to do something unusual.—*San Diego Union*.

It is said oil is now about as necessary as gunpowder to the Navy. And about as dangerous for the politician.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

THE need of the hour is a government clean-up, but we Democrats can't decide whether it should be done wet or dry.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

THE naked and hungry in Shantung are different. They aren't trying to keep in style and they aren't trying to reduce.—*Akron Beacon-Journal*.

It should be noted, however, that even Wilbur Glenn Voliva has never come out with the announcement that the world is square.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

VERY likely "Big Bill" Thompson is reminded of his nickname when the court tells him and his friends to pay back almost a million and three-quarters to the city of Chicago.—*Manchester Union*.

MR. FESS thinks the G. O. P. deserves credit because 3,000,000 homes have been built in this country under Republican Presidents. That's fine, but now that the homes have been built, how would it do to switch to a Democratic President and give the owners a chance to pay for them?—*Macon Telegraph*.



A CARTOON THAT NEEDS NO TITLE
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ENGLISH MUSTARD FOR THE AMERICAN WOMAN

REALLY "LESS INTERESTING than the American man," the American woman fails to wear well, say some British observers. As Mary Borden, an English writer, sees her, she "is undisciplined." Therefore, "at the age of forty she probably becomes peevish and has nerves, and toward fifty, her life frustrated, she turns to religion or bridge, becomes either a colorless individual or a fanatic." According to Mrs. Borden, "it is as if the great hunger of life of her country sucked her dry, drained the blood from her veins, and cast her aside, a disappointed, insignificant, old woman." This, thinks Mrs. Borden, is not remarkable, for the American woman "lives at high speed and with great intensity. She begins life equipped with an immense optimism, a puritanical outfit of ideas as to right and wrong, and a great sense of her own value." Moreover, she "is filled with romance, beautiful unrealizable ideals, and all manner of happy beliefs. She believes in a loving God and a kind Providence, she believes in happiness and love, in the essential goodness of human beings, and in the great, rosy future." As she is at once "very ignorant and very emotional," the American woman "acts quickly on her beliefs, marries for love at first sight, dashes into every adventure, espouses lost causes, takes up with intensity every new fad, and when she is disillusioned, breaks down." Writing in the *London Spectator*, Mrs. Borden describes her as "soft and small-boned," with "pretty feet, slim ankles, and a thin voice with a lilt in it." The voice "rises and falls, as she tips her head this way and that, and waves her hands." A nervous creature,

"She is never still, but always graceful. She understands movement, but not repose. She dances beautifully. She talks incessantly. She fears silence and solitude. Child of skyscrapers, cinemas, prairies, motor-cars, steam whistles, and saxophones, she has a craving for noise, activity, and crowds. Her idea of a good time is a whirl. If things round her are moving fast enough, if her husband is getting rich quick enough, if they are asked to enough parties, can go to enough theaters, can get about rapidly in a car, if there is always something different to look forward to, she is happy, or at any rate not too discontented, for she is really the least happy of women.

"Her main craving is variety. She must have change. Everything round her must change or be changed often, if she is to feel alive. Change is in the air she breathes. In her

country it means growth. In herself it means the opposite, but she has not yet learned to stand still and develop as a plant does, naturally, in the turmoil of her world. On the contrary, she automatically reacts to the ceaseless pressure, changes houses, friends, husbands, clothes, religion, and ideas for new ones, and reflects in herself the element of hysteria in American progress.

"Things must be new to be interesting to her. Antiques must be new antiques, new, that is, to her, just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic, otherwise she won't look at them. And they are new. And there are always new ones to be seen, coveted, bought—new Chinese potteries, Ming or Tang, new Chippendale chairs, signed, new Rembrandts, new Romneys. It is the same with cathedrals. The charm of the Cathedral of Chartres lies in its newness, for her. She will go a long way to see it, but once she has seen it, it becomes an old story. She doesn't want to see it again."

Here Mrs. Borden "stops short, doubtful, a little conscience-stricken," fearing that her "composite photograph" lacks verisimilitude, and suspecting that "there is no such thing, perhaps, as a photograph of the American woman," for "perhaps there is not yet even such a thing as the American Woman." So the writer begins again, "this time with a definite type in mind: the serious, self-supporting, or business woman of the United States." In Mrs. Borden's opinion, this type "is the best of them all," and we read:

"There are, I believe, six million women in business America, and I don't know how many equipped for professions are turned out of universities every year. These are the happy women of America. They are in tune with their country and their age. Their country believes in work and workers, and their age is one of production and experiment, and since there is enough work for every one, they find no antagonism on the part of the men, nor do they suffer any social stigma, if they belong to the upper classes, from being workers. Doctors, lawyers, sanitary experts, shopkeepers, or business women engaged in any ordinary trade, keep their individuality, find little or no difficulty in enjoying life, go to balls or smart dinners at night, to their offices in the morning, remain well drest, witty, frivolous at the right time, and human. The democratic spirit of America supports them, helps them, respects them.

It is a reality. The mind of America does not understand idleness, but it understands work, and it approves of these women who are helping to develop the vast resources of the country, who are a vital and harmonious part of the great bounding energy, enthusiasm, and optimism of the nation. Work is in the air."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WHEREAS

A British writer calls the American woman "very ignorant and very emotional." Is it not suitable to reply by reproducing this portrait of Lady Astor, of Virginia, now a member of the British Parliament?

To Americans "work is fun," and "a business career is a lark," as "fortunes are to be made, to-day, to-morrow," where "everything is on the move." Here, "the stream of life is a roaring torrent," and our business women "are carried along with it, laughing, happy, gallant. They are like the log-riders standing in mid-stream on the floating logs that go rushing down the rivers from the forest land in the spring." So, as Mrs. Borden feels—

"It is not fair to judge the American nation by its leisured class, because America despises leisure and the class that indulges it. And truly it is an insignificant class. Our hostess at a luncheon in Chicago said to my husband, 'Let me introduce the leisured class of Chicago,' and led him to two elderly gentlemen with white hair. She forgot the women of the party. America's leisured class is almost entirely composed of women, and that is why America in the bottom of its young, ruthless, ignorant and romantic heart despises all women a little, and what are called 'society women' greatly."

In the American society woman, Mrs. Borden sees a definite and peculiar type:

"She is not a Great Lady, yet, or, at any rate, very rarely. Some great ladies there are in the country, but they do not stand out as Englishwomen of the same type do in the public eye. It is the society women who occupy the public eye in America, and what the American public asks of them is that they should be decorative, and they are decorative. They are more decorative than any women in the world.

"They have a great sense for clothes. This question of clothes is very important to them, also that of houses. The American society woman's background is almost entirely made up of beautiful houses full of beautiful clothes. You can not separate her from her clothes and her house. If you do, she has no social position left. She is recognized by the street she lives in and the clothes she wears. If either becomes shabby, she drops out of society."

But what is it, apart from "her house, her clothes, her motor, and all her expensive paraphernalia," that is "peculiar to her among women," and "proves her to be akin to those others, the workers?" In an effort to appraise the American society woman as fairly as she has appraised the American business woman, *The Spectator's* contributor answers the question thus:

"Surely there is something that is her real self. Not her ideas, no. Those she purchases in tabloid form. They are standardized ideas, circulating like the Ford car, by the million. Not her moral principles. These are equally conventional. Not her passions. They are thin and fleeting. Yet there is something. Inside this dazzling kaleidoscopic creature there is a vivid spark, a real sizzling vitality. It is this that makes her brilliance and her monotony. Frail tho she may appear, she has the energy of a dynamo. Soft as she may look, she can, at any rate in her youth, ride, swim, play games as well as a man, and dance a man off his legs. It is this that is surprising. She does not look what she is. She looks a sprite, a fairy, a doll, a porcelain goddess. She is an engine. She appears languid, indifferent, dainty. She is eager, insatiable, tireless, and devoured with ambition."

THE PROSPECT OF UNIVERSAL STARVATION

FOR THE "FOOD-SCARERS," as a section of the British press delights to call them, "the vision of the human race dying of starvation has an irresistible fascination," we are told. But Sir Henry Rew, who is responsible for that remark, goes on to say, "Of course, the possibility is undeniable. The surface of this planet is limited, and the potential increase of its population is unlimited. If, therefore, the human race increases indefinitely, a time will come when there will not

only not be food enough, but not even room enough on the earth." In fact, Sir Henry tells us that there is "another risk which is seldom thought of, altho it is always present. From time to time, over wide tracts of the earth's surface, the food crops of the year fail, and the people perish unless they are supplied with food produced elsewhere. If in any one year the crops all over the world were to fail, there would indeed be general starvation. Mankind lives from hand to mouth, or from year to year, and there are no reserves of food if the crops of one year fail." Nevertheless, Sir Henry thinks the danger of universal famine a remote one, and he tells us in the *London Sunday Times*:

"How long ago is it since man first appeared on the earth is a question about which authorities differ. But I imagine it will be generally conceded that it is not less than 20,000 years, and probably much more. The present population of the world might have descended from the original pair of human beings in less than 2,000 years. Obviously, therefore, the potential fecundity of the race gives no mea-

sure of the actual increase of population, and other factors must be taken into account in making any estimate of future probabilities.

"Again, with regard to the risk of a universal failure of crops we can only say that, so far as records exist, it has never yet happened, and, further, that the cultivation of the chief food crops is now spread over so wide an area, and subject to such diversified conditions, that simultaneous failure is highly improbable.

"Those who prophesy that the human race will increase indefinitely, or that the world's food crops will all fail, can not be contradicted; they can only be disbelieved."

In the same paper there appears a reply to Sir Henry by Sir Daniel Hall, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, who observes:

"Sir Henry appears to believe that the adjustment of food supply to population is so automatic that food scarcity never occurs, and never will occur, at least simultaneously all over the world. But food scarcity has occurred; what else set up the waves of invasion and the wanderings of the peoples that overthrew the Roman Empire?

"Let us not dismiss the fear of population outrunning food supply as imaginary when we see it happening before our eyes in India and China, countries which do display food scarcity, and by their example are a menace to the stability of Western civilization."



AND WHEREAS

The American woman is said to become "either a colorless individual or a fanatic," may we not recall the career of Winston Churchill's American mother?



A SIXTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD LINDBERGH ON WHEELS

"Iron Gustav," Berlin cabman, rounds out his fortieth year of service by driving to Paris, where crowds joyously acclaim his arrival.

CABMAN GUSTAV, AMBASSADOR OF GOOD-WILL

"**B**ON JOUR, GRANDPAPA!" cried little girls the other day, when the sixty-eight-year-old Berlin cab-driver, Gustav Hartmann, entered Paris with his cab, driven on its own four wheels from the German capital. The trip concluded his last drive and his fortieth year of service at home. His comrades call him "Iron Gustav," we are told, and as he proceeded up the Rue Pantin, "the people of Paris laughingly surrounded" him, while "from the Boulevard Jean Jaurès to the Madeleine both sides of the street were crowded." Everybody seemed to have forgotten the war. As a Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* informs us, "when the old driver took off his top hat and with a mighty sweep greeted the crowds in front of the Madeleine, he was tendered an ovation as if he were the Sultan of Morocco or King Aman Ulla." This, so we read, was "a festival procession seldom seen before." Six old French cabs, "driven by veteran drivers with horses taken from the Museum of History, and, in contrast to that, a deputation from the Quartier Latin," formed the old man's guard of honor. "With them," meanwhile, "were hundreds of automobiles filled with sightseers, with cameramen, and with pretty girls. They looked in astonishment at the old man, who said nothing but, 'Bon jour!' and, 'Merci!' for that was all the French he knew." Relates the correspondent:

"At the Porte St. Denis, an official awaited him. He was the most popular of the Parisian policemen, known throughout Paris for his goodnature and his long beard. The German driver, accustomed to the military mien of the German policemen, was astonished at this French representative of law and order, and he was still more astonished when the Frenchman willingly had his picture taken with the visitor from Berlin."

A representative of the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* accompanied the old man, and he tells us:

"When I met Iron Gustav, in order to cross the frontier with him, he was eating his favorite luncheon, pork and beans, which his host had specially prepared for him. Our trip took us from Coblenz through the Moselle Valley, through Trier, to Perl, the German frontier station. The news of his impending arrival had quickly spread from village to village, and all of the inhabitants assembled to do him honor. The people waited for hours

on end, and we had to stop at frequent intervals to sip a drink of honor. The Moselle wine agreed with Gustav, and the inns were full of merrymaking. People asked him innumerable questions, and he was always willing and ready to talk of his start, his goal, and the reason for his last trip with his faithful horse, 'Grasmus.' When he was ready to leave he made a little speech: 'Dear friends, if it were not for Grasmus, my faithful horse, then the Iron Gustav would only be worth half as much as he is. Farewell, and a pleasant meeting upon my return.' Children and grown-ups accompanied him to the next village. Whenever a halt was made, his first thought was of Grasmus. As we were slowly nearing the frontier, he became a bit downhearted at the thought of no longer hearing his native tongue. Some one asked him whether he spoke French; whereupon he answered in English: 'Yes.' The little frontier village of Perl came out to meet him with music, and the next morning, the band accompanied him over the border. At the frontier, Gustav silently handed over his passport. His horse was measured and examined, and, after two hours, he continued his journey, only to be stopt after a few minutes to take his first drink of champagne in France."

As the Paris correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* reminds us, "the French roads are a joy to the automobilists; they are broad, smooth, and covered with tar, quite different from the German roads." During Gustav's trip, however, "the automobiles were constantly held up on the road which leads from Verdun to Paris. Cars stopt abruptly, and, 'Voilà le vieux cocher!' the occupants cried. Cameras were snapt. There was much laughter and handshaking. A last farewell: 'Bon voyage, Monsieur Gustav! Au revoir! A Paris!'" The dispatch runs on:

"The new and the old had met. On the side of the road stood the cab decked with many flags and withered flowers, the big brown horse with its nose deep in the long, green grass, and the old man with a patent leather high hat and a red, full beard. 'Berlin—Wannsee—Paris—Paris—Berlin' is painted on signs on each side of the cab. Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Bielefeld, Dortmund, Essen, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Coblenz, and Trier were the main stops in Germany. Everywhere, one accepted the happy thought of a Berlin cab driver as the romantic finale of a dying epoch, and everywhere one did honor to that thought. Rarely has any one become so popular in so short a time as this old man with his scarred face and his witty Berlin slang."

Iron Gustav's "real triumph," we are told, "began in Dortmund, where a parade of 150,000 persons greeted his arrival, and where it took 200 policemen to make way for him."

THE "DECLINE AND FALL" OF THE WHITE RACE

THE ARDENT ADVOCATES of birth control in England, it is claimed by some, are not quite so sure of themselves as they were formerly, but, remark anxious observers of what is called "the twilight of the white race," their doubts have come too late. Thus attention is called to the amazingly low level of the birth-rate of England and Wales, which last year fell to 16.7 per thousand of the population, as compared with 24.1 in the year 1913. A greatly concerned observer of this record is Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who expresses it as his conviction that not a single person in Britain ever imagined that so low a figure would be reached so soon. By nature, he tells us in the *London Evening Standard*, he is an optimist, yet, he points out, a reasonable optimism must have ground for existence, and he confesses he can see no redeeming feature in the unseemly haste with which the races that ought to continue to lead the world are treading the "path of decay and surrender." He continues as follows:

"The ancient conception of warfare was to destroy the enemy nation. The irony of war and peace in our time is that, while war is incapable of destroying the enemy, we preach in peace that salvation is to be sought in national self-immolation. The Germans having failed to destroy us, we are destroying ourselves. What, indeed, has posterity done for us that we should concern ourselves with its existence?"

"We shall do well to regard the population question as more than a national issue. It is a racial issue with which is intimately bound up the future leadership, composition, and color of the world. All the white nations are infected with the same disease. The white population of the world numbers no more than one in three of the whole, and we are threatened with a great decline of the white peoples—a decline both relative and actual.

"The decline and fall of the Empire of the Whites thus becomes a possibility in a future by no means remote, for the sapping of population is increasing with an incredible rapidity. Childless marriages are being followed by the increasing refusal of men to marry emancipated women. How, then, will the decline of the white peoples be met in relation to the problems of peace and war? What is likely to be done, and what will follow upon what is likely to be done?"

"The case of France is full of instruction. France imports white men to meet the necessities of her peace economy, and trains black men with a view to the battles of the future. The southwest corner of France is being repopulated with Italians, but that is a process which can not go on forever, because the Italian birth-rate is also falling. In all the great French Empire outside France there are only some 1,300,000 white people. The French Budget provides for a considerable establishment of black soldiers, numbering some 160,000. So we see a great white nation, which has failed to maintain itself by virtue of its own increase, taking the terrible and far-reaching step of building up a great African army of mercenaries. Some of these, as we know, were actually employed to occupy German territory."

If we consider that this is a peculiar case, Sir Leo goes on to say, and that other white nations are not likely to follow such an example, it must nevertheless be remembered that the British brought Indian soldiers to fight on the fields of France because they were driven by the necessities of a desperate case, and, "desperate cases recur." It is unfortunately impossible, he avers, to rule out the possibility of the introduction into Europe of colored laborers to take the place of an unborn white generation, because—

"When a nation has grown accustomed to the use of colored mercenary troops, it is not a very big step to the employment of indentured colored laborers. The world at large has afforded already too many examples of the process of garnering wealth with the aid of colored labor forces recruited from afar. Consequent racial and political problems of an insoluble character are scattered about the world. There appears to be no limit to the possibility of human folly in this particular matter.

"Take the case of the United States. It was not considered bad enough to contemplate the existence within American borders

of the 13,000,000 negroes and mulattoes descended from the human cargoes brutally shipped from Africa in evil far-off days. It was not sufficient that this colored population was segregated in the Southern States. America must needs place a ban upon white immigration, and thus, through the shortage of labor created in her Northern cities, build up in each great industrial town a negro quarter!

"In face of this choice example of incredible folly, who will be bold enough to say that the coming shortage of white populations in Europe will not be supplemented by colored importations? It is a shorter journey from North Africa to France than from Kentucky to Buffalo.

"Whatever happens in that regard, we have to anticipate with certainty a Europe seriously reduced in numbers, and perforce compelled to lay down world leadership. The European emigrations will entirely cease. The industry and wealth of Europe will contract, both from lack of consumption and from the lack of initiative that goes with decadence. The British Empire will necessarily dissolve, for there will not be enough white blood to maintain it."

Turning his eyes toward the white world outside Europe, Sir Leo asks whether one may look to the British Dominions or to America to take up what Europe resigns? As far as the Dominions are concerned, he advises us that we face the fact that in the whole of the British Empire outside the United Kingdom, in 1928, there are hardly more than 18,000,000 white men, women, and children, and that "these are adding to their numbers very slowly." We read then:

"There is no certain ground for believing that the population of the United States, which is now almost one-fourth the size of that of Europe, and includes a proportion of colored people (one in nine), will be maintained. The birth-rate of America is falling and will fall, while white immigration from Europe, which so rapidly built up her heterogeneous people in the past, will not need to be kept in bounds by a quota law; there will be no European emigrants to 'select.'

"From time to time we have talked of a Yellow Peril. What did it amount to, this talk, but that the Yellows would learn to use modern arms, and by sheer weight of numbers conquer the whites? What was meant by conquer? The conception, obviously, was one of the barbarous destruction of the whites. It will be perceived that such carnage is becoming entirely unnecessary as a means of conquest.

"The same end is appointed to take place quite bloodlessly by the will of the white peoples themselves, who gladly hail as saviors those who preach the alluring gospel of going without children as the shortest cut to Better Times.

"It would appear, therefore, that having taught the colored races so many things without earning anything remarkable in the way of gratitude, we might possibly consider the advisability of inoculating them also with the doctrine which has so successfully brought the question of a declining population within the scope of practical politics."

By way of contrast to the foregoing criticism of the racial poverty of the whites, we have the statement of Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah in *The Criterion* (London), in which he declares that the gulf separating the peoples with skins differently pigmented is, in a sense, wholly mythical, and this well-known publicist in British organs goes on to say:

"Men in all parts of the world are prone to imagine that gulfs really exist. In the British Isles a gulf is set between Saxon and Celt, which takes much searching to perceive, and between Englishman and Irishman, and between Scotsman and Englishman, and in Scotland, between Highlanders and Lowlanders, and even in the Highlands, as the summer tourist discovers, between west coast man and east coast man. Among the Easterners there are many similar gulfs; there are Parsees, Hindus, Mussulmans, and so on, and numerous subdivisions, and there are lands in which racial gulfs are bridged by the idea of nationality, as is the case in Europe. Between the Easterner and Westerner there is often found more in common than between two groups of Easterners. And in Europe East and West are sometimes more intimately associated than is one part of the West with another. The Indian soldier who fought in France and Belgium is more of a brother to Englishman and Frenchman than is the Hunnish despoiler of cities and the enemy of freedom and justice."

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

REAL CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS

OUR ANALYSIS OF ACCIDENTS in the machine-shop or factory does not go far enough. We ascertain that an employee was injured by a fall or by having his hand caught in a gear—and there we stop. The fall may have been due to a loose board, or to fatigue, or to intoxication; the gear may have been unprotected, or the man may have disobeyed instructions in having access to it. Our investigations do not go as far as this. In a recent study of many thousands of accidents, made by safety engineers of the Travellers Insurance Company, they have reached the conclusion that nearly all industrial accidents—98 per cent., to be exact—are preventable, being due to faulty supervision. We read in a press bulletin issued by the company, and accompanied by case-records and charts that lack of space forbids us to reproduce here:

“In an age of exact knowledge when facts of proved value are replacing theories, and when business must concentrate upon the things that count, it is startling to find that in at least one respect the efforts of thousands of individuals are misdirected through failure to recognize an obvious truth. The ‘obvious truth’ is that reduction of accidents can come about only through knowledge of basic accident causes.

“The prevention of accidents is a science, but it is not so recognized, nor is it treated scientifically to-day. In our endeavors to solve other problems we proceed logically enough to find out what is wrong, and then to make it right; but when it comes to accidents the same degree of logic is not so evident.

“We guard machinery, devise safer methods and processes, improve lighting and sanitation, post bulletins or hold meetings, and do other things that we know by experience are beneficial. There can be no quarrel with the use of these measures. They are good from every point of view, and should be continued.

“It is nevertheless true that present-day accident-prevention work is not as effective as it might be, because of the lack of concentration upon major issues. In analyzing accidents, we not only fail to select the basic causes, but also, to a great extent, neglect or overlook definite accident causes of any kind. Like unorganized and inefficient fire fighters, we spray our efforts in the general direction of the conflagration, with no assurance whatever that we are hitting the place that is most in need of attention. This is due largely to the fact that the terms ‘injury’ and ‘accident,’ and ‘cause’ and ‘type’ are confused. When a person is injured, the sequence of events is as follows: First, the cause; second, the accident; third, the injury.

“In reviewing literally thousands of annual reports, we find almost invariably that accidents are assigned to such so-called causes as slips and falls, falling objects, struck by or against, burns, eye injuries, flying objects, and slivers. These in no sense of the word are causes of accidents. ‘Falls of persons,’ for example, is obviously a cause of an injury, but it is not a cause of an accident. A person is injured because of a fall. The fall

itself is the accident, and it is the cause of the accident that we must know in order to effect a remedy. We find also a tendency to confuse the type of injury with the manner of its occurrence and with the object or operation involved. Consistency in the assignment of accidents to cause is conspicuous chiefly by its absence, and it is rare, indeed, that actual accident causes are tabulated in such manner that the remedy can readily be determined and applied.

“It is of value to know that injuries result from falling objects or from slips and falls of persons, or in connection with machinery as against hand tools or from explosions. It is valuable also to know the extent and nature of the injury, its cost, the department in which it occurred, and several other things that are already being recorded. Above all, however, it is vital to know the cause of the accident itself as distinguished from the cause of the injury.

“In an attempt to alter the present procedure, there is danger of delving deeper than is practical. It is impracticable for the average industry to substitute the kind of analysis that delves into psychology for the assignment of accidents to such so-called causes as ‘falls of persons.’ We therefore propose herein to show only two groups of causes: (1) those that are subject to supervisory regulation, which we shall arbitrarily call ‘supervisory’; and (2) those arising from mechanical or material hazards, which we shall term ‘physical.’ With the understanding that the real root of the entire subject is the mental or moral attitude—first, of the employee and second, of the employer—it is proper to say that all preventable accidents may be allocated to the causes listed under one or both of these captions.

“Physical hazards are becoming less and less a real factor in safety, but we can not find that authoritative re-

search has actually measured the extent of such diminution. The causes and cures of the majority of industrial accidents have not been clearly and definitely fixed, nor has the extent of preventability been determined.

“If we were to stop at this point, our criticism would indeed be non-constructive. Progress has recently been made, however. Engineers have successfully traced the origin of industrial accidents, within practical limits, and have proved something that heretofore has only been suspected. In addition they have discovered that the actual facts exceed expectations.

“Twelve thousand cases were taken at random from the closed-claim files of the company. They covered a wide spread of territory and a great variety of industrial classifications. Sixty-three thousand cases were taken from the records of plant owners. Through the analysis of these 75,000 cases, through study of actuarial records and engineering reports, and with the cooperation of employers, we have found that 98 per cent. of industrial accidents are preventable.”

The engineers have discovered, we are told, that 25 per cent. of all accidents would, according to the present method of analysis, be charged to so-called physical or mechanical causes, but that in reality the causes of many accidents of this type are



Courtesy of American Museum of Safety, New York

“INJURY DUE TO FALL”

But the real question is, what caused the fall? Safety inspectors report that too little attention is given to keeping aisles clear of material. The many accidents due to this cause are easily preventable.

either wholly supervisory, or chiefly supervisory and partly physical. This group, therefore, was found to be actually 10 per cent. instead of 25 per cent. The difference added to the 73 per cent. of causes that are obviously supervisory makes a total of 88 per cent. of all industrial accidents that can be prevented through the enforcement of proper supervision. The account goes on:

"As an example of the type of accident ordinarily misclassified as one caused by a physical or mechanical hazard, we refer to the case of an employee who was caught in the gears of a machine—first charged to 'caught in gears.' Basic analysis showed that he removed the guard contrary to orders. The accident should therefore be charged to 'disobedience of instructions'—supervisory group.

"It is only necessary to think in terms of basic causes and basic analysis to grasp immediately the truth of the assertion that 98 per cent. of all industrial accidents are preventable and that the majority are attributable to supervisory laxity.

"In practise it is difficult to so perfect an industrial organization that all of these accidents can be eliminated. Employers often find themselves in such emergency situations that they must take chances with inexperienced help; that they must temporarily put up with improper conditions; that they haven't the time to enforce adequate supervision; that they are irritated by detail. We all know, however, that in planning and executing an undertaking properly we anticipate emergencies, eliminate chance taking or gambling, and provide time for proper supervision and consideration of detail. It is therefore not only possible to prevent the great majority of accidents but also to do it by the exercise of the very methods that make for economy, efficiency, greater production, and greater profits."

"EARTHQUAKE WEATHER"—The legendary idea of "earthquake weather," alarming conditions of air or sky supposed to presage great earth shocks, is recognized as a proper subject for scientific inquiry by no less an authority than Mr. R. M. Wilson of the Section of Volcanology of the U. S. Geological Survey. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"In a recent volcano letter from the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, Mr. Wilson mentions records kept by Spanish priests of earthquakes happening in the Philippine Islands, especially the great shock of November 30, 1645, in which the city of Manila was almost totally destroyed. 'Earthquake Weather' which preceded this disaster is described by a contemporary chronicler, Mr. Wilson quotes, as 'calm, the sky cloudy and dull, the air hot and heavy with puffs of wind and drizzling at intervals.' An astonishingly large percentage of great earthquake shocks are described by witnesses as preceded by weather of much this kind. Altho earthquake experts can not see how any kind of weather could aid in bringing on an earthquake or could predict it, the fact that earthquakes are related to the place of the moon in the heavens and to the tides, as well as probably to the atmospheric pressure, make scientists less likely to deny a weather relationship than they would have been a few years ago. The earthquake weather question 'is still open,' Mr. Wilson concludes, 'for science either to prove or disprove.'"

BODILESS HEADS AND HEADLESS BODIES

THESE BOTH LIVE AFTER THE SEPARATION—a few seconds or minutes with the higher animals—for hours or even days with certain insects. Recent striking experiments are described and discust in *La Science Moderne* (Paris). Says this magazine:

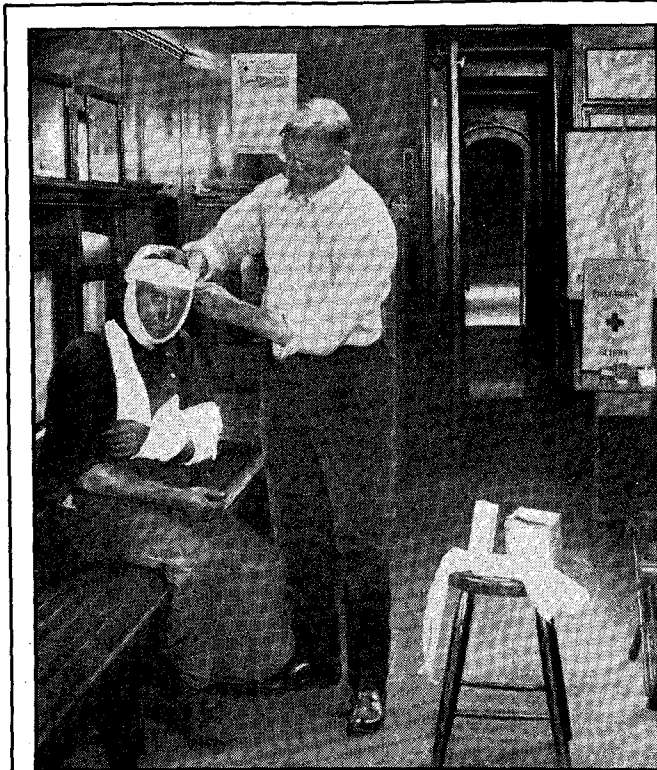
"As every one knows, the survival of the head, when removed from any of the higher animals, is very brief. It is true that a certain degree of muscular excitability may persist for hours, and the cells of some tissues may preserve their elementary life; but the most important element of cephalic life, the nerve tissue, is already inert long before the tissues of lower organization and function have ceased to live.

"In the lower animals the survival of parts and tissues is much longer, and in *The Review of Applied Natural History*, Ed Patigaud has published some interesting results of experiments on this subject. His tests were made on insects, and he entitles his article, 'Vitality of the body and head of certain insects after decapitation.' In the year preceding, Mr. Patigaud had observed that female moths of the genus *Saturnia* lived when decapitated for eleven to fourteen days, that is to say, much longer than their normal term of life, which is only eight to ten days.

"The insect generally, when decapitated, exhibits agitation and convulsive movements of the head and body. After several minutes the head becomes calm, but the body continues to move, often in an uncoordinated fashion, as it would seem. And it may live a long time. Thus, after decapitation, two males lived 26 and 40 days; two females, 26 and 29 days. This life doubtless

lacks spontaneity, but it is certified by reactions that it is easy to bring on. And it is as surely prolonged, as Father Cambone has seen, in the case of several butterflies. This is not so very surprising. If the decapitation has been correctly performed, there is no loss of blood, and normal respiration and circulation continue. Nourishment of course is faulty. But in some adult forms it does not exist at all. The larva of the moth has already absorbed and stored up all the reserve nutriment necessary for its normal adult life. This suffices also for its headless life, for it hardly moves, and its expenditure of energy is thus reduced to a minimum. On the contrary, with insects that feed in the adult state, decapitation necessarily shortens survival.

"Now, what happens to the head? Here the stored-up nutriment is relatively slight. Despite this, there is actual survival, but it is numbered in hours, not in days. The head of the insect, when tested for vitality by means of various kinds of stimulation, reacts, by moving its palps and antennae, for a variable period—three, six, or twelve hours; sometimes 24 or 38. Generally, however, there is first a spasmodic phase lasting a few minutes, a phase of immobility and inhibition, lasting, perhaps, three to twelve hours, and finally a phase in which there are intermittent, isolated movements, and also movements of reaction to stimulation. It may be easily understood that the head will not survive so long as the body when the two are separated. It has neither circulation nor respiration and contains no reserves. It thus ought to die sooner, and this is what always happens. It is evidently difficult to measure the degree of survival of the nerve tissue in the head and to distinguish the possible reflex movements from those due to direct excitation; but it seems clear that there is really survival of the nerve-cells, and for hours. These cells doubtless require less than the corresponding cells of the nervous systems of the higher animals."



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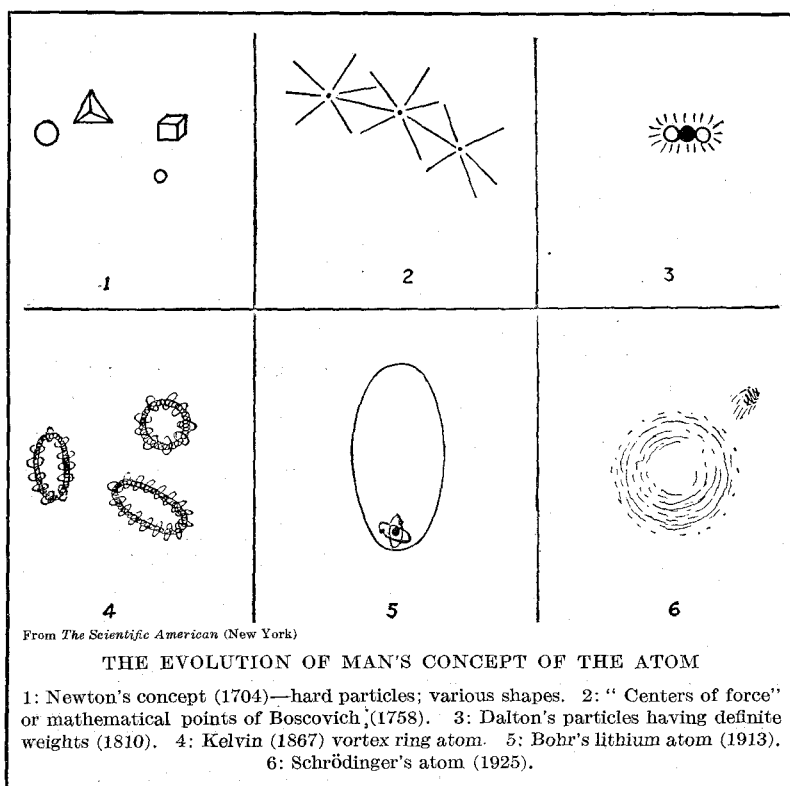
TO TEACH FIRST AID TO RAILROAD WORKERS

The American Red Cross is sending a special first-aid railroad car through the country, in charge of Dr. G. F. Hartzell, to give and teach first aid to the workers in the different railroad yards.

THE ATOM UP TO DATE

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS regarding atomic structure are presented to the readers of *The Scientific American* (New York) by Dr. Paul R. Heyl, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, in the form of an imaginary dialog between a visitor to a laboratory and his host. We are told that now, after being schooled to the so-called Bohr atom, with its solar nucleus and planetary electrons, we must give it up and educate our imaginations otherwise. However, the scientific host says to his inquisitive visitor, it is all by way of progress. People have been imagining atoms since they were able to think, and each has been an improvement on its predecessor. Runs the dialog, in part:

"Who invented the first model of the atom, and what was it?"
 "The ancients guessed that there might be such things, but



they had next to no experimental results to control their guesses, and in consequence their fancy had free play. The first model of an atom that properly belongs in the modern scientific period is that of Newton. Newton imagined the atoms as infinitely hard, and explained the softness of bodies by saying that it was due in some way to the arrangement and mutual action of their hard constituent particles. Two hundred years later Lord Kelvin completely reversed this, and taught us to look for the explanation of hardness in the rapid motion of something infinitely soft and yielding.

"Lord Kelvin's idea was that an atom might be a spinning vortex ring in the ether. The vortex atom fulfilled quite a number of the requirements, which were rather numerous, even fifty years ago. But one thing it could not be made to do, nor could any model that had preceded it. They absolutely refused to attract each other. This sealed the fate of the vortex atom."

"What took its place?"

"Nothing—for a generation. In the closing years of the nineteenth century, the late Professor Rowland of Johns Hopkins University, impressed by the number of lines in the spectrum of iron, said: 'I do not know what an atom of iron may be, but it must be as complicated a structure as a grand piano.'"

"The Bohr atom is much simpler than that."

"Yes, but we must remember that Rowland did not live to see the beginning of the great development in physical science that followed the discovery of the X-rays. We have learned one important thing about the atom: it must be electrical in its structure."

"This is all very interesting," said the visitor. "Almost as good as seeing an atom. I can see now why Bohr built up his

model from electric charges—electrons and protons, I believe they are called. But would the Bohr atom gravitate?"

"The scientist laughed.

"It didn't have to."

"Didn't have to? After the vortex atom and all the rest had gone into the discard for that very reason? What had happened in the meantime?"

"Einstein."

"Prior to Einstein," explained the scientist, "gravitation was regarded as a property of matter. Einstein pointed out that it might be a property of space. According to this, matter gravitates not because of any peculiarity in its structure but because of the properties of the space that surrounds it. Any kind of an atom is as good as any other from this new point of view."

"What is the exact trouble with it?"

"Something which was pointed out by Bohr himself—it is not self-consistent. In order to make his atom work, Bohr found it necessary to play fast and loose with established electrical principles, discarding them where advisable and retaining them where convenient without any excuse other than necessity."

"And has something else made its appearance, or are we still without any mental picture of an atom?"

"Something else has made its appearance, but I would hardly say that we can get as good a mental picture of it as we had of the Bohr atom. It is the wave atom of Schrödinger—only three years old, and many of us professionals are still rather hazy in our understanding of it. The difference between the Schrödinger and the Bohr atom is, to begin with, one of distribution of the electricity. In the Bohr atom, as you know, there was a positive charge on the central nucleus, and negative charges on each planet or electron. The electric charge was localized in spots. But in Schrödinger's atom the charge is spread everywhere throughout the volume of a little sphere of atomic dimensions. Again, the electrons in Bohr's atom were in rapid motion in their orbits, while in the Schrödinger atom the electric charge does not move about. It does, however, change its intensity at different points in the sphere at different instants of time. This fluctuation in the strength of the electric charge sets up light-waves in the surrounding space."

"What will the Schrödinger atom do?"

"Everything that the Bohr atom could do, and a little more; and the best thing about it is that it works without doing violence to established electrical principles as did Bohr's atom."

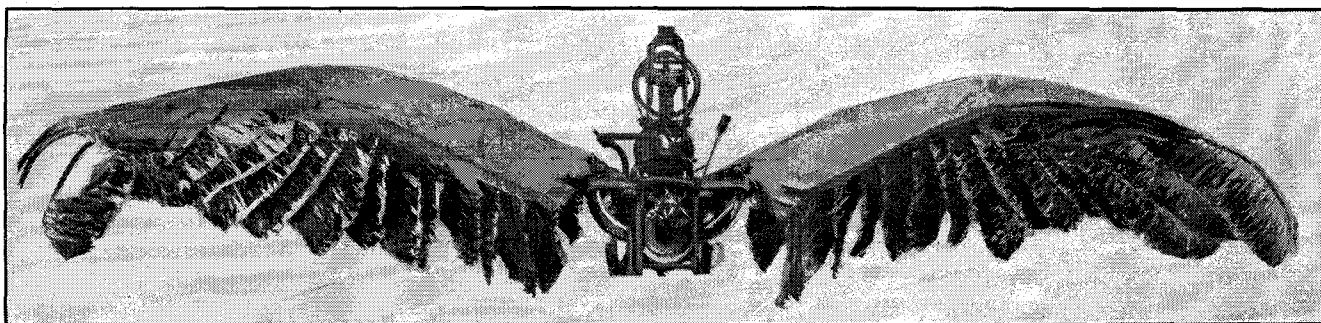
"Yet I suppose you will eventually find something the matter with it?"

"Surely; we are a long way from perfection yet. This is a very new scientific baby—only three years old. No one can tell what bad habits it will exhibit

when it is a little older, or how it will stand up under the requirements of new discoveries which are certain to be made."

VISIBLE SOUND-WAVES—A weird phenomenon reported several times during the world war was the appearance in the sky, during heavy cannonading, of rapidly moving parallel arcs of light and shade. They were generally seen against a background of clouds, but sometimes swept across the blue sky. These arcs, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather* (Washington), were the sound-waves from the discharge of the great guns, made visible by the varying refraction of light passing through the alternate zones of condensation and rarefaction in the atmosphere. He goes on:

"A phenomenon of similar character has sometimes been seen in connection with the explosive outbursts of volcanoes. They were first noted some years ago by Prof. Frank A. Perret, during an eruption of Vesuvius. Watching the cloud of smoke and dust above the crater, he observed that at each explosion a thin luminous ring flashed outward and upward from the volcano and disappeared in space. The movement of the rings was much more rapid than that of the material ejected from the crater. As their speed apparently corresponded with the speed of sound, there could be little doubt that they were, in fact, visible sound-waves. Professor Perret named these appearances 'flashing arcs.'"



Wide World photograph

ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE AIRPLANE NOW USED AS THE EMBLEM OF GREAT BRITAIN'S ROYAL AIR FORCE

The model is on display at the Science Museum, London

REAL FLYING-MACHINES

IF FLYING IS PROPULSION by means of wings, then the modern airplane does not really fly at all, for its "wings" merely furnish support, and have no motor functions. The earlier experimenters in aviation thought to utilize moving wings, like those of birds, and some modern inventors are still working on the same idea. The British air force has as its official emblem one of these early bird-machines, which went even to the extent of using actual feathers. We read in *The American Weekly* (New York):

"The first experimental airplane model, constructed in 1902 by E. P. Frost, of England, is now one of the exhibits in the Science Museum of London.

"It was called by Frost the 'Ornithopter,' and has been used as the official emblem of Great Britain's Royal Air Force. It was equipped with real feathers, for Mr. Frost proceeded on the principle that the best way to construct a flying-machine was to copy nature's flying-machines, the birds. The feathers on the queer contrivance were taken from a turkey.

"By means of flapping the wings up and down, Frost hoped to be able to fly for some distance at least, but his experiment came to failure. It led, however, to further experiments which aided the pioneer work of creating the first successful planes.

"Long before Frost—in 1842—the first real airplane was devised. It was invented by a man named Henson, and was called 'Henson's Air Carriage.' The machine to which he gave his name was a plane propelled forward at a suitable inclination and speed, and serving as a support on the air for itself and the connecting parts. The car, or vessel, was built with a view to strength and lightness, and three wheels were situated below it to enable it to run on the ground, in the manner of the airplanes of to-day.

"On either side of the car was an extended surface made of wood framework covered with silk, resembling the outstretched wings of a bird, and firmly stayed with wire, so that the two extended surfaces formed a trussed beam of considerable strength and lightness. A horizontal sail, which could be raised or lowered, was fitted to the stern, for the purpose of guiding the machine up or down, in addition to a vertical rudder for steering to right and left.

"To drive the machine, two propellers were to be employed, the power to come from an engine and boiler placed in the bows. The machine was started as are airplanes of to-day, by running down an incline, the propellers being simultaneously put in motion, so as to cause the plane to leave the ground at the end of the incline.

"The whole apparatus weighed about 3,000 pounds, with an engine of about thirty horse-power. But when the machine came to be tried, it failed completely. However, its general design was copied in later and more successful models."

At the present time, we are told, an American inventor named Richard A. Engler has invented an ornithopter, based on the mechanism of birds, which he claims will prove superior to airplanes when perfected. Says Engler of this device:

"Like the birds, the ornithopter can be a great weight lifter and have speed besides, while the airplane can never be a real weight lifter, but can have speed only. There are many inherent defects in airplane construction which handicap it. The

airplane propeller is not only very inefficient, but it is superfluous, as shown by the natural flying creature.

"In the airplane a head wind retards the forward motion, and a rear wind accelerates the forward motion, but in the ornithopter the machine is as independent of the wind as a bird. This seems to me to prove that the airplane of to-day is essentially wrong in principle. As for the ornithopter, the bigger it is built, the better it is in the matter of efficiency, which is not at all true of the airplane.

"The model I have constructed can float straight down like a parachute; fog is not nearly as dangerous for it as for the airplane, because the ornithopter can feel its way slowly through fog like a land or sea vehicle, and because it possesses the faculty of hovering in the air.

"Man will not rest content till he can produce a machine that will fly like a bird in principle—that is, by wing-flapping."

HEADACHES DUE TO EYE-STRAIN

NUMEROUS TYPES OF HEADACHES, which cause anything from mere discomfort to acute pain, are chiefly due to disorder of the eyes. Nearly 80 per cent. of frontal headaches, and of aches felt in the sides and the back of the head, are due to this cause. In such cases, says Dr. Z. U. Smith Clark, ophthalmic specialist to the British Ministry of Pensions, writing in the continental edition of the *London Daily Mail*, the eyes are straining to do or to accommodate themselves to do what is beyond their normal power, and the constant effort on the muscles produces the headache and frequently a burning in the eyeball, as well as behind the eyes. He goes on:

"It is important to locate the site of the pain. For, while pain over the eyebrows, pain behind the eyes, pain in the forehead, pain in the sides and back of the head may almost invariably be attributed to eye-strain, pain on one side only, pain over one eyebrow, and pain on one side of the head is rarely attributable to eye-strain. These latter would be due to inflammation of the frontal sinus, or middle-ear disease, or brain tumor, inflammation of the cheek-bone, or neuralgia.

"One frequently hears sufferers complaining of headaches after an afternoon's shopping or after visiting a theater or cinema. The demand on the outer and inner muscles of the eyes has proved too great. These troubles are more frequently complained of by persons traveling in trains or omnibuses, or ships, where the rapidly receding objects prove trying to defective eyes.

"Nausea, in a more or less acute form, frequently results. Indeed, travelers in trains or ships who suffer from nausea should, in the first instance, have their eyes attended to, as ocular defects may be said to be the major cause of their discomfort. If these were attended to it is probable that imagination or nervousness would play a much smaller part in causing mal-de-mer.

"Astigmatic persons (persons whose vertical vision varies in degree from their horizontal vision) and heterophoric persons (persons whose eyes have difficulty in focusing an object) are peculiarly liable to suffer, because they are particularly affected when using their eyes for distant or near vision. It would be advisable for such travelers before experimenting with patent cures for seasickness, which are not too good in their present effects, and are baneful in their after-effects, to have their eyes tested for vision."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

STRAUSS'S NEW OPERA

A PRIMA DONNAS' RIVALRY is set for the Metropolitan Opera next season. Mr. Gatti will produce Strauss's latest work, "The Egyptian Helen," and interest will be agog to see whether the title part will be sung by Elizabeth Rethberg or Marie Jeritza. According to press reports both claim the honor of the première here, as both have appeared in so-called premières in Europe. In point of time Rethberg actually beat Jeritza by singing the part in Dresden, on June 6, in what was the first performance of the work, but tradition assigns the actual "première" for a Strauss opera to Vienna, and here Jeritza figured, and claims the honors after, according to the reports, temperamental storms of she would and she wouldn't. Dresden being more accessible than Vienna, the Rethberg performance drew the critics of Western Europe and America, and the singer added to the laurels already won at the Metropolitan. This new work by Richard Strauss seems like a challenge to most modern composers, himself not omitted, in that melody, which has come to be despised, is here reasserted. R. H. Wollstein, writing from Dresden to *Musical America* (New York), declares:

"I should like to labor the point of the singableness, the lyric richness of the work. Obviously, it was written to be sung. It restrains all of the *outré* effects of instrumentation, of which Strauss has proven himself past master, subordinating every other element to the voice. And it makes no undue demands upon beautiful singing. Rich melody, of admirable line and deeply poetic intent, and colorful orchestral accompaniment are blended with the skill of the master craftsman."

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the librettist, has long collaborated with Strauss, and this association, says the music critic of the *London Times*, "must always be regarded as one of the most remarkable in operatic history, perhaps only second in importance to that of Da Ponte and Mozart." Following out this reporter:

"Von Hofmannsthal, like the sorceress of his own drama, possesses the magic draft to hand to the composer, and its effect on him is instantaneous. Is it a draft of oblivion or of remembrance? We are not quite sure which, especially when Strauss quotes himself or comes near to quoting his greater predecessor in German music drama. Whichever it is, Von Hofmannsthal's draft

has the power to kindle the composer's imagination, and under its influence music flows from Strauss with an ample ease which no other living composer can rival."

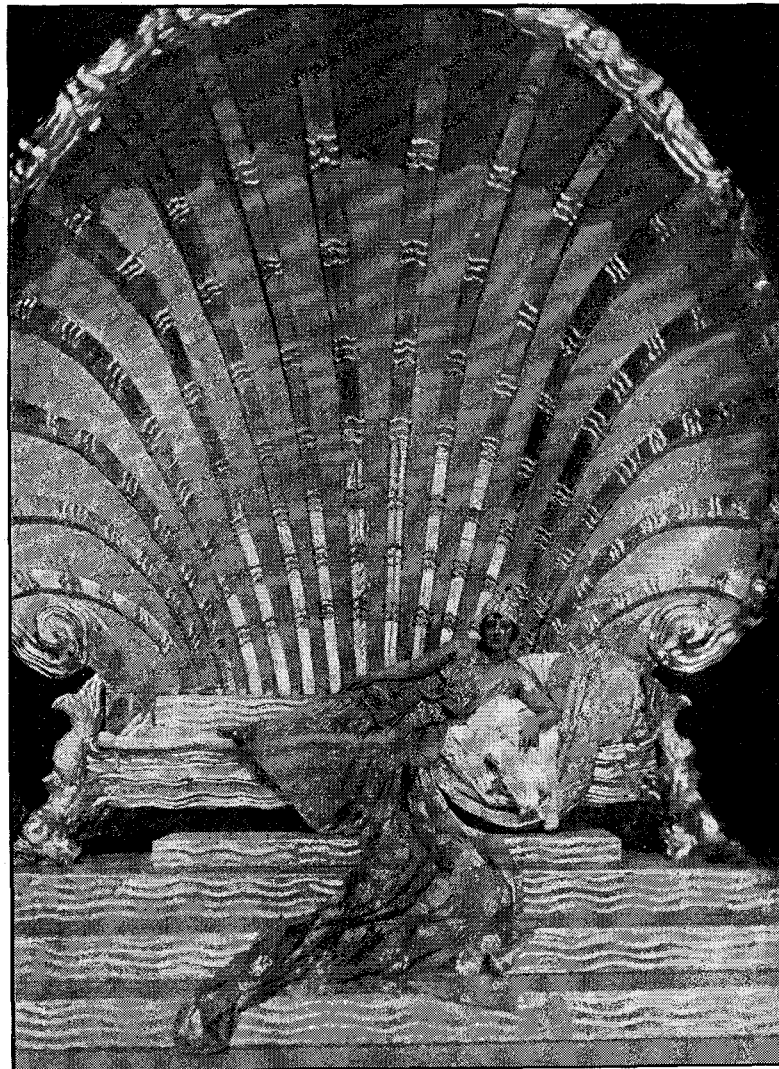
"Die Aegyptische Helena," as its German title has it, is in two acts, each about an hour in length. Thus we see the interminableness of Richard Wagner abandoned. We also see that the librettist takes his usual liberties with well-known themes, and lays the scene in Egypt:

"The central dramatic idea is scarcely strong enough or many-sided enough for its length of treatment. *Helen* must win back the love of *Menelaus*, and that the task may not be too simple (for even while *Menelaus* vowed to kill her, he was enslaved by her beauty) the dramatist has surrounded them with the theatrical paraphernalia of a sorceress, *Aithra*, beloved of *Poseidon*, her elves and her potions, by which the hero is set to chase fancies and stern reality. By the end of the first act the battle seems to be won. *Menelaus* has returned to *Helen*, but it is the spell of the sorceress, not *Helen's* self, which has brought him.

The distant laughter of the elves, rhythmical laughter like the hammers of the Nibelungen, breaks the serenity of the expansive movement in which the scene ends.

"The second act, in the tent of *Helen* and *Menelaus* at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, has to traverse much the same emotional ground as the first, which was in the palace of the sorceress. *Menelaus* wakes to fresh terrors and misgivings. *Helen* must evade the love of the desert chieftain and his son. (Oriental music and a grand display of Straussian instrumentation.) She must counteract the well-intentioned spells of the sorceress and exert the spell of her own will to bring back her lover to her side.

"How skillfully the dramatist masks this monotony of situation, bringing in one episode after another to keep the stage alive, all offering the composer innumerable opportunities for the painting of his multicolored orchestra! The collaborators know that



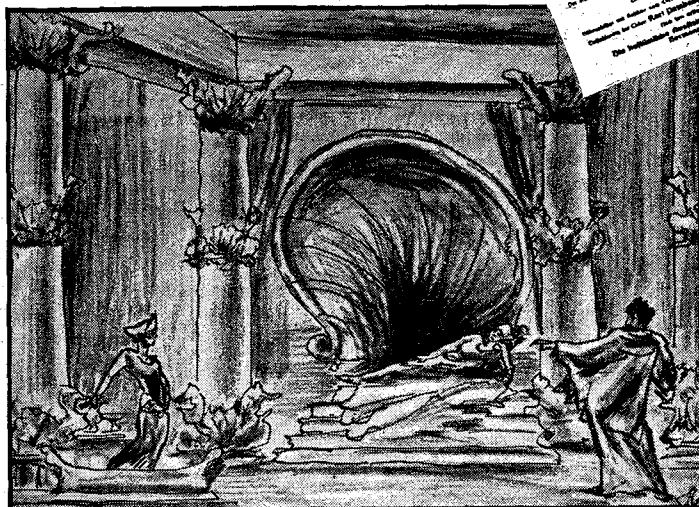
Photographs by Ursula Richter

RETHBERG AS HELEN OF TROY

Whose part in Strauss's opera is to win back the love of *Menelaus*.



**Sächsisches Staatstheater
Opernhaus**
Beginn der Juni-Sessspiele
Mittwoch, am 6. Juni 1928, Anfang 7 Uhr
Robert Harzer
Uraufführung:
Die ägyptische Helena
Oper in zwei Aufzügen von Dago von Hofmannsthal
Musik von Richard Strauss
Oper in zwei Aufzügen von Dago von Hofmannsthal
Musik von Richard Strauss
Oper in zwei Aufzügen von Dago von Hofmannsthal
Musik von Richard Strauss



From Vossische Zeitung (Berlin)



SNAP-SHOTS AT "THE EGYPTIAN HELEN"

Above is a sketch of Fritz Busch, the director; and the play bill of the Dresden performance; below, at the left, a sketch of the scene of which the central detail is shown on the opposite page; at the right, Friedrich Plaschke as Aithra.

opera is artificial, and every one of its artifices is at their beck and call. Night and day, the sea and the desert, the gold-encrusted palace of the sorceress, and the rich trappings of the tent, with the blue mountains beyond, present a series of contrasted pictures in the two acts which the art of the scenic painter may make exquisite, and the resources of the Dresden Opera House have been lavished on them. This is a beautiful production, and no doubt all the other opera houses of Europe which pride themselves on beauty of production, will vie with it.

"Moreover, 'Die Aegyptische Helena' is essentially a practicable opera, and one designed to suit the taste of the average opera-goer. The mental aberrations of *Menelaus*, ultimately dispelled by the supremacy of beauty, contain a philosophy without which no German drama would be complete, and if there are subtleties which the average opera-goer, and especially foreigners, may miss at a first hearing, the main idea is obvious enough. It might have been more obvious if it had been developed without quite so much mechanical aid from the several potions which bring forgetfulness and remembrance, and are inclined to baffle the hearer of the opera as much as they delude *Menelaus*."

Helen holds the center of the stage:

"Our thoughts are centered on her before she arrives, when the 'Muschel,' the all-knowing Shell Fish, gives tidings of the fall of Troy and of the lovers storm-tossed on the ocean. Strauss's orchestral storm subsides, and in a moment of complete silence *Helen* appears in the palace of *Aithra*, the sorceress. Her very first phrases assure us that Strauss has designed for her a part of statuesque beauty. It is a splendid part, this of the woman who need not stoop to conquer, a part for the prima donna with a great voice and a great power of sweeping through the long vocal phrases which rise above the mazes of orchestration. Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg sang it supremely, and set a standard in the first performance which subsequent *Helens* will not easily surpass. Her songs of appeal to *Menelaus* in both acts, and that ecstatic monolog which opens the second, proved her power. The last-named, by the way, is of the kind to be highly effective as a

soprano scena. Its unity of key and its tremendous climax almost hint that it has been designed to be detachable from the opera.

"Next to the commanding effect which Madame Rethberg's performance produced comes the remarkable skill with which the ensemble of spirits conjured up by *Aithra*, the sorceress, was developed on the Dresden stage. That scene begins with an elaborate solo, including some difficult chromatic ornaments, which Madame Rajdl managed skilfully, and the chorus of spirits which entices *Menelaus* to pursue and slay the fancies of *Helen* and *Paris* is as intricate as an operatic ensemble may well be. It was as clear to the ear as it was fantastic to the eye. Dr. Fritz Busch, who conducted, deserves all congratulation."

Another singer, Curt Taucher, well known in New York, sang the part of *Menelaus*:

"His is a less enviable part than those of either of the two principal women, and for its complete portrayal it requires more than the mere horse-power of the Heldentenor. Throughout the opera, at any rate up to the final scene, when his mind is magically and rather tamely cleared, *Menelaus* is obsessed with the desire to kill, first *Helen*, then the phantom of *Paris*, then again the recreation of *Paris* which he discovers in all who pay their court to *Helen*. We did not feel that the composer had realized the dramatic possibilities of the part as clearly as he did the more picturesque figures of the two women. It is easier for the operatic composer to idealize than to realize.

"It is Strauss's power of idealization which makes the two trio movements, one at the culmination of each act, supremely successful. So successful, indeed, is the second that, after it, all the art of the Dresden stage was required to cope with the suggestion of banality in the final scene of all. *Helen* and *Menelaus*, reconciled by the arrival of their innocent child riding a white horse, and bringing other white horses for her father and mother to ride home on with her, is just a little too reminiscent of popular film drama. Here it was dealt with tactfully in a highly decorative tableau. We fear to see it on a less well-conditioned stage. It

fixt the impression that what von Hofmannsthal and Strauss have aimed at in 'Die Aegyptische Helena' is popular opera, the remixing of all the ingredients of fantasy and 'human stuff' in music and stagecraft which has made opera a perennial attraction to the majority. They may have done bigger things together elsewhere, but they have certainly mixed their potion well, and operatic audiences may be expected to drink it greedily.

"The opera was very warmly received. There was prolonged applause at the end of each act, and the principal artists were many times recalled. Dr. Strauss joined the company on the stage at the end of the first act, and again with Herr von Hofmannsthal and all concerned in the production at the end of the opera. There were specially enthusiastic cheers for the composer and for Madame Rethberg."

THE YOUNGER GENERATION SPEAKS OUT

OXFORD BREATHED FROM HER WALLS, said Matthew Arnold, "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." Such can not be said of Harvard to-day if we take the Senior Class oration delivered at the Commencement this year as the expression of the graduate spirit of that institution. Here, in the words of the orator, Mr. Barrett Williams, is the defiance of the "Younger Generation" toward the past of our country, so much more recent than the Middle Ages. The "Younger Generation" have taken their knocks; now they stand up and defy. But first of all the orator finds that the path his generation has been treading, far from being anything new, has been a primrose way since Troy. As he is reported in the *Boston Transcript*, he adduces this evidence:

"It is reported that in Troy a stone has been found upon which were carved the words: 'The younger generation is going to the dogs.' The elder generation to-day is reiterating this phrase, and we may properly inquire of them whether they are entitled thus to consign us to canine companionship.

"Rarely has the change been so great between the fathers and the sons as in our day. Rarely have its outward manifestations come in so strange a form. From the judicial bench and pulpit; from news paper and magazine; from professional reformers and private alarmists, the questions have been fired: 'What is the younger generation coming to?' 'Where is it going?' 'Why doesn't it stand still?' Companionate marriage, bobbed hair, cigarets, short skirts, fast cars, late hours, youthful independence, lack of respect for parents, lack of interest in the serious things of life, indifference, cynicism—twenty years ago these would have been a reformer's nightmare. To-day they are but the common wail.

"Going to the dogs may sum up these traits, but such a process only takes place in the mind's eye, and is wholly relative. A talking monkey might make the same assertions. With all respect, we ask those who would have conformance with the past, if the past is worthy of conformance. The answer may suggest that even an effusive welcome should just now be accorded an independent, venturesome, and even defiant youth. The appraisers are now at work valuing our inheritance. They have found a once fair world devastated by the most terrible and brutal war in the history of mankind; millions of graves of fighters, and the starved, crippled, and shell-shocked. But even beyond this the accounts show intolerable liabilities. There are debts surpassing calculation; at the end of a war to end war the standing armies have increased; the guilty international diplomacy of the past remains dominant. A peace was made which was not a peace, and it was dictated, not negotiated."

The preceding generations are credited with being "worshippers of faith; faith in the old-established order," and "faith sufficed them till much of the established order failed from incompetency." Deeper charges the orator does not hesitate to make, but back of these derelictions the orator finds "the past savored at once of the narrowness of John Calvin and the destructive stupidity of the Inquisition." Going on:

"In the long Victorian epoch there was a moral suppression which, after many absurdities and more hypocrisies to its credit, gave birth to the wasp-waist, the trailing skirt, and Anthony Comstock. A morality based on prudery and kept alive by the stern self-righteousness of the inhibited, served, however,

one useful purpose. It brought about a reaction. All these faiths and dogmas were traditional. They were accepted blindly, uncomprehendingly, by each generation in its turn, largely because no questioning was permitted. The father crammed the son with his own prejudices, and said proudly: 'How like his father!' Cant and more cant was the rule of the Victorian era. The spirit of criticism was at its lowest ebb, hunted into dark caverns by intolerance. The blundering and self-satisfied course, in its very self-complacency, often fostered rottenness within. Society seemed blind to fault; it did not distinguish the chaff from the grain it garnered. Its very tradition made it sluggish. The last generation stumbled serenely into a futile and ruinous war; its diplomacy bred tyranny throughout the world; its parties, aged and seasoned in corruption, plunged into the greatest political scandal in our history. Its tradition, fortunately, became sunk in its own quagmire. A new and different generation represents a fundamental change since the war. It has freed itself from old dogma, or, better still, the old 'cant'; even from cant with the apostrophe. It essentially accepts no faith (in the old meaning of the word) and has little, save in the inevitability of progress.

"We have perceived a certain reaction in our influence on our elders. Has not the flapper brought up the grandmothers to bobbed hair and knee skirts, tobacco, and cocktails? It is even stated that our fathers insist upon well-filled cellars and trustworthy bootleggers, despite the amendment they themselves added to the Constitution. There is a French proverb: 'If old age could; if youth knew how.' To-day the young arrogate to themselves, confidently if uncertainly, the powers of age and youth. If their course is ill-defined, yet it flies off at a desirable tangent. There is, however, a standard reply to our indictment of the elders, running somewhat as follows:

"The younger generation are always righting things; always turning failure into success overnight; always going their elders one better—in their own minds.' The agenda usually follow, to the effect that 'these beginners will soon find out their error; their fathers, too, believed in their day that they would reform cosmos and regulate chaos.' The conclusion reaches back to the old saw that 'the world never changes.'

"This charge is in part true. It hypothesizes human fallibility and resents too humiliating an advance by posterity. It is true that youth is headstrong and somewhat overoptimistic. It will conform somewhat more as its youth recedes. But that our generation is challenging this pessimism, probably more to-day than ever before, is a fact that should be welcomed with thanks. This revolt, which causes so much alarm to-day, is really less a revolt than a healthy spirit of question. If criticism seems overworked, it is merely because we feel that we can gain more, in the long run, by seeking out the errors of the past than by accepting the past and letting the endless errors slip in with it. We are charged with lack of reverence, but what shall we reverence? In the colleges we are taught the biological laws of heredity; taught them openly and fearlessly, as should be. On the other hand, when we see religion as the world offers it to us, we find the Scopes trial revealing the ecclesiastical standard of a big section of our country. Is it strange that we hesitate before the altar? It is not that we deny; we merely wonder."

Viewing "Europe a hot-bed of tyranny: Italy, Hungary, Spain, Russia, Poland, Finland, all dictatorships," and "the war-cloud of propaganda and prejudice clearing" to show "democracy fading, fading further into the background of war causes," the orator reaches a peroration:

"If we hope to rescue democracy, we have clearly the first task of cleaning the Augean stables. We deal with the sex and social problems openly and not too seriously. If companionate marriage, sex education, and similar plans seem daring innovations—are they more a menace to the correct solution of the problem than Comstockism, prudery, and the dreary censorship of frank discussion in such matters that still infest the Watch and Ward?

"To war; to imperialism; to enormous centralization with concomitant increase of corruption; to greater facilities for travel; to the more universal spread of news—are due the excessive excitement, excessive doubt, the essential difference between to-day and yesterday.

"These forces which brought about the change were perhaps unmanageable; beyond the will and control of their creators. But it is not to be regretted, if a generation filled with courage and independence has them in hand, and is in no danger of using outworn creeds and methods to cure the evils it has inherited."

BARRIE AND "BROWN"

GRADUATING CLASSES EVERYWHERE have heard all sorts of incitements to greatness; probably few, save the graduating Rhodes scholars at Oxford, have been advised to stop short of such a goal. One would not call the genial Sir James Barrie a cynic, but he is the author of such advice. He was at the annual Rhodes dinner, and he was preceded by Dr. Abraham Flexner, late of the Rockefeller Foundation, who, as he is reported in the *New York Times*, came nearer the conventional admonitions. He discust in a serious strain "the necessity of the scholars playing their part in world affairs so as to correct mistakes made by diplomats, business men and journalists." But Barrie came down from all high horses, and taking a cue from Henry James in humorous application of three plain American names, address the Rhodes men collectively as "William K. Brown." Here is what he said:

"The one place where the immortals are never seen is at the top table. Now that the stage direction is, alas! 'Exit William K. Brown'—that fascinating fellow yourself (your interest in whom passed the love of woman)—what is to happen to you next? The beginning of all you are to be already lies inside you—a little speck that is to grow while you sleep and while you are awake, and that in fulness of time is to be the making of you or destroy you.

"Education is a noble word in Mr. Rhodes's conception of it—fellowship. I can just remember the days in a little Scottish town where weavers of all ages trudged on their shanks to distant St. Andrews or Aberdeen in quest of college bursaries. If they returned victorious, they reappeared by day; but if they failed, they hung about the outskirts until nightfall and then stole to their homes. Early next morning you heard them at their looms again, teeth set, waiting for next year. Dour times—dogged students—no Cecil Rhodes.

"On the other hand there is that old village superannuated schoolmistress, who before she slammed the door on her school for the last time, chalked on the blackboard this, her last message to posterity: 'Drat all education. Nobody has ever had to put on mourning because of me.' Proud summing up for the best of you if after reflection you can claim it. But you will find you can't.

"I am not saying this to damp you, but rather as a comfort in case you have been reading the sort of biographies wherein the hero is without flaw. Of course, I am not speaking of up-to-date memoirs in which there is a completely successful attempt to dig up the dead and twist the finger in the sockets.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can't make our lives sublime—but they may bring us nearer to it—and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.' I don't know that you should rollick in anticipation of that. Those footprints (even if you believe in them)—what will happen to them in the end? They will be carefully sliced off and sold at Christie's.

"On my soul, Brown, I believe you would be wiser, if it doesn't incommode you too much, to stop short of greatness. 'Chapter

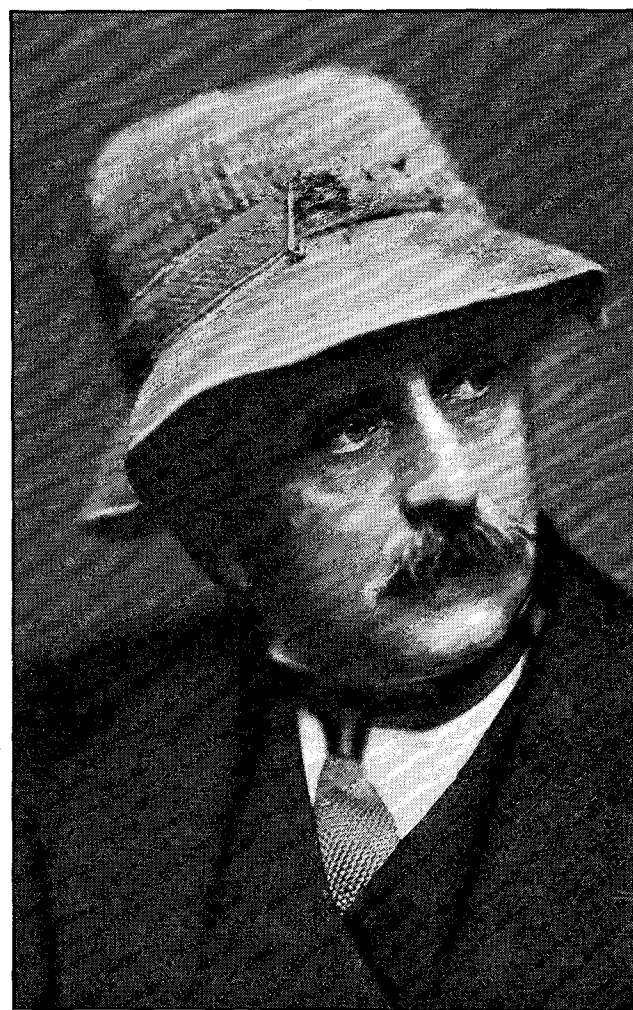
eighteen. I reach the summit.' No, they sometimes fall off. To be very able is safer. One place where immortals are never seen is at the top table.

"One hopes you are leaving Oxford feeling, as the old saying has it, that red blood boils in your veins, that you hear a thousand nightingales, could eat all the elephants in Hindustan, and pick your teeth with the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral. That's the spirit.

"If to despise us helps you in your enthusiasm, then, gentlemen, continue. Far worse than your scorning us beyond reason would be your not having the cheery belief that you can all do better. If in firing at some of our performances you feel that the straightest line is through our bodies—still fire. I only ask you to let Mr. Brown give the order.

"And so good-by and good fortune. I believe you will find your sojourn here has perhaps not made you know England and Europe better so much as it has made you know your own home lands better. If you are to be writers, don't be roarers. Literary roarers on their tubs in the market-place, thumping on their expanses. Go out to meet the mistress of the spindle, not fearfully but with gay curiosity.

"Mr. Brown, my dear, forgive me for prosing. 'I am the tomb of one shipwrecked, but sail thou on.' The toast is 'the Rhodes scholars' with thoughts of the great (shall we say?) Elizabethan who brings them here."



From The Illustrated London News

NO "SIDE" ABOUT BARRIE

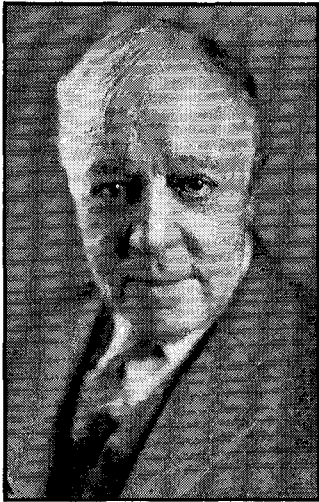
Sir James pins up his hat with a safety-pin, and gives sober counsel to Rhodes scholars, whom he dubs "William K. Brown."

THE COVER—It is a happy chance that our picture on the cover appears on the very day of the annual demonstration of the association which memorializes Scotland's great poet. It is also by the happiest coincidence that the artist, Mr. M. J. Burns, bears the name of the poet. He has chosen his scene on the bleak north coast of Scotland, and he pictures a

home of one of the fisher folk with whose life his painting concerns itself. For a sketch of this American artist we quote from an article by the late art critic, M. H. Spielmann, in *The Graphic* (London):

"He started life as a sailor, owing to eye-trouble and the consequent need of resting his sight, and his experiences on the small, busy craft, combined with his art-leaning, decided his future. On shore he became a student of the National Academy of Design, and soon obtained a roving commission; at sea, during many a year, he passed through the hardships that await all who venture on the fishing-grounds of Europe and America. He has spent years with the fishing-fleets of his own countrymen, with the Laplanders, with the Eskimos, and latterly has been engaged during the spring season with the Gamecock Fleet on the Dogger Bank. He is known everywhere by the fisher folk, has their confidence and their friendly interest. He has their respect, too, for he can stand a gale and a month's wetting with the hardiest of them, and while keeping his eyes open for subjects and 'effects,' can lend a hand if it is asked of him. He 'pays his way'—it isn't much and the fare is hard—and makes his notes with great completeness and profuseness for the composition of his pictures on dry land. These pictures are made in black-and-white, in distemper, for reproduction, or in water-colors or in oil for the exhibitions."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
"NO TRUE ARTIST CAN
BE AN ATHEIST"



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
"MY FAITH WOULD FEAR
NO ADVENTURE"



Keystone photograph
"PURE RELIGION FORCES
NO MAN'S SPIRIT"



"I BELIEVE IN A
PERSONAL GOD"

Believers all—Otis Skinner, actor; William Allen White, editor; Ida M. Tarbell, author, and Herbert Adams Gibbons, author, who "confess" to some sort of faith. Some of the others quoted in this article are less surely grounded.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF SOME OF OUR MENTAL LEADERS

WHAT THE EMINENT BELIEVE OR DISBELIEVE is invariably interesting to the rest of mankind, especially in this age of the big question mark, when science has made such stupendous strides as to stun the faith of a few, and all sorts of cults and creeds have been evolved to fit varied human psychology. It is important to know that most men believe something, and it is argued that even atheism is a form of belief, since the denial of one thing is an affirmation of something else. It is interesting and encouraging, then, to read the confessions of faith of men and women of our own time who have faced their own questionings and formulated some working theory of life which, in some cases, is in harmony with the general faith of mankind, and in others disagrees with the basic creed to which most of us are anchored. Ten such "confessions" are brought together in a book published by the Century Company, "They Believe," a symposium to which author, actor, editor, and scientist contribute. Their names, with one exception, are known in every household.

To begin with, Otis Skinner, actor, writes in this symposium that "no true artist of the theater can be an atheist. At the source of his every inspiration he discerns a power that is greater than his own. The personal God of my childhood," he tells us, "has long since vanished, as it has in the minds of most of us. I believe in a First Cause, a Supreme Power; I believe in a Universal Law, and that my well-being is dependent on my amenability to that Law. If I break the rule of its tenets, I suffer mentally and physically." Herbert Adams Gibbons, author and student of international affairs, on the other hand, believes in a personal God. And he tells us:

"The very fact of this belief makes me humble in His Presence. I do not want to bind Him and define Him in words. I know that I can not do this, and I refuse to admit the ability of any man or group of men to define God. If I take Him to be the Father of mankind, then I must regard all whom He has created as brothers. If He has manifested Himself in the flesh through Christ, I do not seek to penetrate this mystery, to put it into words, and to force my formula on other men. Christ said that if we loved Him, we would follow His commandments. Now my humility makes me realize that trying to follow the precepts of

Christ takes all the time and thought I have; there is none left to spend on working out in human terms and defending some dogma in which I assume to have solved the mystery of the relation between the Father and the Son and of the Father's 'plan of salvation.' Quarreling over doctrines and rituals seems to me to have nothing to do with religion. . . .

"There isn't anything more to it than just this: I believe in God, altho I know very little about Him. I believe in Christ, altho I know very little of the relations between Him and God. I am glad that I have the teachings of Christ, and try to follow them, altho it is hard to live up to any of them. Is not religion essentially the will to right living? And does not this will, if it is to attain the slightest measure of success, require constant thought and entail constant conflict? I ask of God that I shall never be content with my fulfilment of the duties of my religion. For I do not want to lose my religion."

It was while she was struggling to formulate her belief that the theory of evolution came to Ida M. Tarbell as a revelation—"the divine method of process by which the beneficent spirit in the universe was to work out its intent. Evolution," she says, "has never ceased to be a fundamental element in my religion." Miss Tarbell seeks communion with God and worships Him through the medium of silence, and she writes:

"I can not but feel that pure religion is frequently talked to death in the very houses of the Lord. I would not be taken as meaning that creeds, ceremonies, man's efforts to make more real to himself the divine nature and the divine method mean nothing to me. A church, a temple, a religious system is and always has been holy to me. It is only when the exponents of the various religions begin to fight over them that I feel the need to withdraw. The debates over Fundamentalism and Modernism affect me as having nothing to do with my religion—they are outside its province. They are activities of the intellect, not of the spirit; they belong to that effort, always so strong among men, to formulate their thoughts and feelings into a creed, which those who do not know it or deny it are to be forced or persuaded to accept. Pure religion forces no man's spirit—its very essence requires that the spirit be free for contemplation, for learning what the divine has to teach it. . . .

"It is not in theologies, creeds, ceremonies that we find the most vital and profound expression of religion—it is in the kind of man the religion makes. A man's tolerance, sympathy, charity—

a man's relation to other human beings—reflects the depth and genuineness of his spiritual communion.

"The Christian religion, in spite of the crimes in human relations which have been constantly committed in its name, emphasizes more clearly, beautifully and satisfactorily than any other what the relation of the truly religious should be to their fellows. According to the Christian system as it is laid out in the Bible, society should be a brotherhood of men—not a brotherhood of white men only, but of men of all colors. Moreover, it takes men as they are, pagan, Christian, idolater, scoffer, Catholic and Jew, and it lays down the set of principles which are essential for their living together in a just and peaceful society."

By a series of tragic struggles and stumbles, and over an obstacle set in his path by a missionary who told him that his ancestors were denied a place in heaven, Yusuke Tsurumi, a Japanese publicist and writer, arrived at a commingling of creeds that brought peace to his mind. His story is extremely interesting in showing the reaction of Christianity on a mind already subconsciously influenced by three other dominant religions, none of which was sufficient in itself. He was upset by the missionary's belief that his ancestors, to whom Christianity had not been presented, must be denied salvation. He went on his quest alone. His Japanese temperament revolted from the idea that any one could be saved through sheer baptism. And, he writes, "the dormant Buddhism in me also inclined to a universal salvation. Then again my unconscious Shintoism, with all its reverence for ancestors, refused to accept a theology that drove illustrious ancestors from the blessing of eternity. My subconscious Confucianism and Shintoism could not accept the idea of original sin." Finally, he graduated into a belief in "a Sublime Scheme in the Universe." But it was the intense love of his mother that gave the driving power to his faith. As he puts it down:

"The ancestor worship is the dominant note in the Japanese life. Being constantly under the influence of Christianity, I thought that I was free from the power of Shintoism. In my religious reverence toward my mother, I now see the unseen power of the ancestral cult, altho in a different way from the old Shintoism. That is why I say that I refuse to be labeled. The complex life that we modern people live makes it impossible to say definitely and with assurance under what influences we have arrived at a certain kind of faith. In me I clearly see the mixing influences of Christianity, Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism. And that is the religious and intellectual life of a modern Japanese."

His experiences with churches did not satisfy Charles G. Norris, novelist. He found in them no one who lived up to the teachings of Christ. "If becoming a Christian necessitates my lining myself up with such mouthing humbugs," he writes, "I will deny I am a Christian." But he had to have some kind of religion, a working philosophy that he could respect. He saw that the truths of the Gospel had to be "adapted to present-day life." The practise of Christianity for an American citizen of this day and generation, he writes, "had to be an interpreted Christianity, I decided, and it had to be based on the precepts: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' and 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Mr. Norris does not believe in a personal God or in an immortality where he retains his identity. "Like a drop of water," he writes, "I go back to the ocean and become part of it again, and the ocean is that much more befouled or purified according to the life I've lived. Our individual obligation is to mankind—not to ourselves—and war and hatred let loose in the world retard civilization and human progress and the coming of the millennium, just as forgiveness and charity and love bring them that much nearer." William Allen White, editor and author, sympathizes with man's struggle upward from bending the knee to idols to worship of the Spirit, and to him "the miracle of a new civilization, of a new relation between men, of a new attitude of life, the slow intrusion of altruism into the heart of man, and into the ways and works of man, is a vaster miracle than any which the Bible records; a miracle which is growing in power, growing in certainty, every day of our lives.

My religion," he concludes, "accepts the unsolved mystery of life and the inexplicable force behind the mystery of life—the unplumbed wisdom beyond our keenest senses; the truth beyond even our kindest hearts. My faith would deny no story that would help the darkest mind. My faith would fear no adventure into the vast depths of a material universe nor into the vaster regions of spiritual truth."

Three more novelists are included in the list—Inez Haynes Irwin, Will Irwin, and Alexander Black, of varying belief. Altho she can not believe in the divine origin of Christ, writes Mrs. Irwin, she has "a profound admiration for Him and for His teachings." "I like to think of Him as the Genius of Goodness," she says. The church was of no help to her. Its emotional uplift finally passed. "One by one standardized beliefs, accepted because inherited, vanished—belief in a personal God; belief in the Bible as the word of that God; belief in the divine origin of Jesus Christ; belief in the efficacy of prayer; belief in the immortality of the soul." With all these beliefs, except one, she parted easily. She can not make herself believe in the immortality of the soul, and yet she can not endure the thought that death ends everything. "Immortality," she says, "seems by every rule of ethics just; by every rule of analogy logical. If there is no immortality, the universe is a senseless joke perpetrated on helpless humans by some monstrous djinn." Will Irwin, her husband, is less hopelessly placed. He believes in God, and meditation over evolution has done more than anything else to confirm his belief. He believes by instinct in immortality. "That I must go out in a final spasm of agony to annihilation," he writes, "seems an intolerable thought." Mr. Black is another who was helped by the theory of evolution. "Darwin," he says, "did help to teach me that creation was a bigger affair than any tradition, theological or otherwise, had been in the habit of teaching." Science, says Mr. Black, "traveled a long way round and came again to God. It does not always say God. That it should sometimes say First Cause does not matter. If there can not be a child without a parent, there can not be life without a parent." He is not sure of the omnipotence of God. But "our confusion does not change the fact of God. We could readily find a father who was imperfect without invalidating that father. In any case, our stupidity neither removes nor limits Him."

The series closes with Thomas A. Edison's views on immortality, taken from an article in *The Forum*, quoted in these pages November 6, 1926.

RELIGION AND PURE MILK—The degree of a farmer's interest in the welfare of the community may sometimes be determined by his willingness to sacrifice a tuberculous cow in his dairy herd. This is especially true, says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), because it is usually the farmer's "best cow," the cow most generous in giving milk of a high degree of butter-fat, that is condemned by the examiner as a danger to the community. "And the farmer who is no more than just an average farmer normally reacts by declaring that the experts, not being practical farmers, know nothing about cows or milk or the art of earning an honest living on a dairy farm, and by rising in rebellion against pure-milk campaigns and tuberculin tests as the work of meddlesome theorists." What influence, then, has religion on the farmer confronted with deciding between his social responsibility and his private profit? We may find the answer in research carried on by Carl Hutchinson, research associate in social ethics in Chicago Theological Seminary, of which *The Christian Century* tells us briefly:

"After a considerable inquiry among Illinois farmers, the investigator found that farmers who are church members are more friendly to pure-milk campaigns, more willing to have their herds tested, quicker to place the general welfare before their private interests, than the average in their communities. This coordination between church membership and the sense of social responsibility ought to be no surprise to any one, but

probably it will be. It is only what should be expected if the Church has succeeded to even the slightest degree in delivering its Master's message. The data, slight as they are, do not necessarily prove that these better social attitudes are the result of the influence of the Church. But either that is true or the Church is making its strongest appeal to persons who have some feeling for community interests. These herd-testing farmers either join the Church because they are socially minded, or are socially minded because they have joined the Church."

SCIENTIFIC SUPPORT OF FAITH

FOR THOSE WHOSE FAITH HAS TREMBLED in the balance while they have waited for science to utter its yes or no as to whether there is any substance behind that faith, there need be no more waiting. Science has spoken, *The Baptist* assures us—spoken in the affirmative. We must not be troubled by mere opinions of those who have no use for God in their philosophies. There have always been atheists, says *The Baptist*; but they have never spoken for science. "Popular debaters against religion do not count, for they are not scientific investigators; they are merely debaters." Nor are we to consider those who have devoted their talents exclusively to specialized lines of physical experiment, "because they have never investigated the facts that lie within the field of religion." And those who bring to the inquiry "a fixt mechanistic or materialistic theory of the universe are disqualified by their philosophy, because they begin by refusing to give to the facts of religion the same scientific credit which they accord to other facts." As *The Baptist* has it, then:

"Only those students are qualified to speak for science on the subject of religion who accept the facts of religion as valid for science, who are willing to submit those facts to a scientific method of investigation, and who have actually specialized on such investigation until they have fairly reasoned out the conclusions to which those facts so investigated lead. Such students are ready at call in university circles wherever modern scientific methods of investigation have become the accepted standards. If names are to be reckoned as important, the names of Edgar S. Brightman, Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Michael Pupin, Canon Streeter, and Shailer Mathews may stand for a host who have specialized in the study of the problems of religion from the scientific point of view. What have they to say about spiritual realities and moral values—about God, Christ, salvation and immortality?"

"Perhaps nobody has stated better what science has actually done for faith than has Dean Shailer Mathews in these words: 'There is something vastly reassuring for faith in God in our scientific knowledge of cosmos and law, of forces of matter, and of the successive, ever-more personal stages of life. . . . Where God was once believed to appear occasionally, He is now seen to be present wherever His will works in nature. Science has again become the handmaid of faith.' What this means for the simple follower of Christ who is neither a scientist nor a philosopher, is that nothing has happened in the world of scholarship to throw any new doubt upon the reality of God and of the future life."

Science helps us, we are told, by insisting that nothing is to be inferred that does not fit the observed facts, and that what fits the facts is true in reality. The fundamental realities of the Christian faith are "true because they are required to fit a group of experienced facts. We experience feelings, capacities, needs, ideals, hungers, fears, aspirations, that nothing short of a good God and immortality can either satisfy or rationally interpret. That experience is our warrant," asserts *The Baptist*, "for inferring the realities of God and immortality, and for trusting them with even more assurance than we feel in trusting the mariner's compass." Again:

"Science helps us also in the matter of testing and verifying that assurance by definite and repeatable experiment. And the method is simple. By common consent it is admitted that Jesus was the preeminent experimenter in that way of life which takes God and eternal life for granted and acts accordingly.

His story shows how the experiment worked out in his case. A similar experiment is open to the rest of us. One need only take up Jesus' way of living and follow it until he finds out how far it affords a valid test of his religious faith. This test has been made by millions since Jesus' day. Is there a single record of disappointment?"

"Let no simple believer fear that some discovery of science too deep for him has torn the foundation of reality from the old faith in the Heavenly Father and from the old hope of a better life hereafter. Let him frankly do the best thing in sight. Let him repeat in his own person the experiment of Jesus' way of life, just because it is the best way of life. So doing, he will find it pointing steadily toward the goal of reality, and will find himself walking daily as Jesus did in the presence of the Heavenly Father and in the light of an assured immortality."

KEEPING THE NORMAL BOY NORMAL

EVERY LAD IN THE COUNTRY, probably, will cheer the warning given by Supreme Court Justice Proskauer of New York to organizations engaged in boys' work in cities: "Don't standardize the boy." Boys' work must not be based on the "Main Street idea," he says, as quoted in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "Let us not standardize out of existence those individual enthusiasms which are the life-blood of this work. . . . There is grave danger in tying up the idea of boys' work with the abnormal boy. Our problem is not to save the abnormal boy, but to keep the normal boy normal by preserving for him a normal happy boy's life in our complex metropolitan community." Owen Johnson's "Varmint," Kipling's *Stalky*, and Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* were normal boys, comments the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and it observes, in thorough sympathy with Justice Proskauer's sentiment:

"Mischievousness is inevitable in their ilk. We couldn't suppress it if we would; most of us wouldn't if we could. Time will bring all needed discipline:

Ride with an idle hand
Ride with an unused heel,
But, one in a way
There will come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls and the curb that galls
And the prick of the rowelled steel.

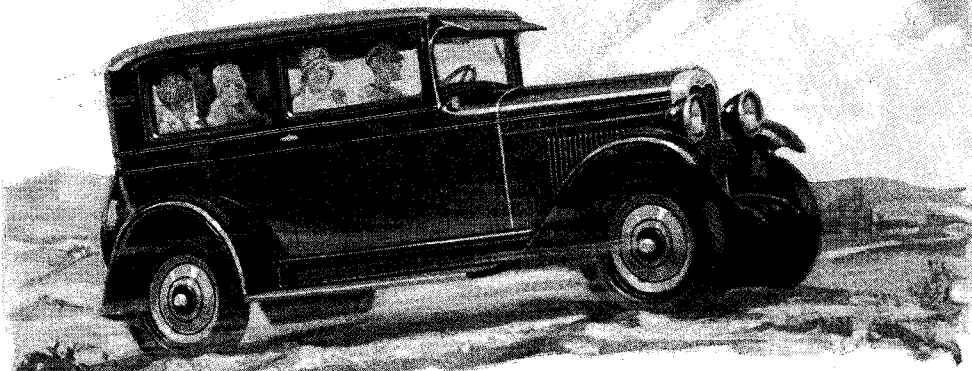
"The trouble in city life is that mischievousness takes forms too often that clash with the needful conventions of congested civilization, embodied in laws and ordinances. Always and everywhere, of course, it is hostile to man-made ethics, or woman-made ethics; but the added difficulty in cosmopolitan communities is a serious one. And one arrest for some escapade may change the whole trend of a youngster's life toward hostility to society as society. We can not hold with the optimistic educator who said: 'There are no bad boys; there are only boys who are misunderstood.' Heredity counts. There are bad boys; but the boys who are misunderstood outnumber them by a vast majority."

It is true, unfortunately, observes the *Boston Globe*, that the complexity of city life, its lack of free space and of the varied opportunities for mental, spiritual, and physical growth which are the heritage of the small-town boy make the problem of dealing with the city boy entirely different. "Playgrounds and clubs," it is noted, "are excellent facilities for the cities and perform a splendid service":

"But when all is said, it must be admitted that even these fall short of the facilities available to the boy in the open country for a more normal development of his body and mind.

"Standardization and business methods in city work for boys are in part inescapable. The problem grows acute when they pass beyond the limits established by boy life and need itself. Not without significance is the news that juvenile crime in the cities is growing, as shown by prison records. Neither uniformity nor business organizations will check that. Something more human, more vitally alive, is required. Possibly a good stride in the right direction would be to induce city parents to take more interest in the enthusiasms and view-points of their children."

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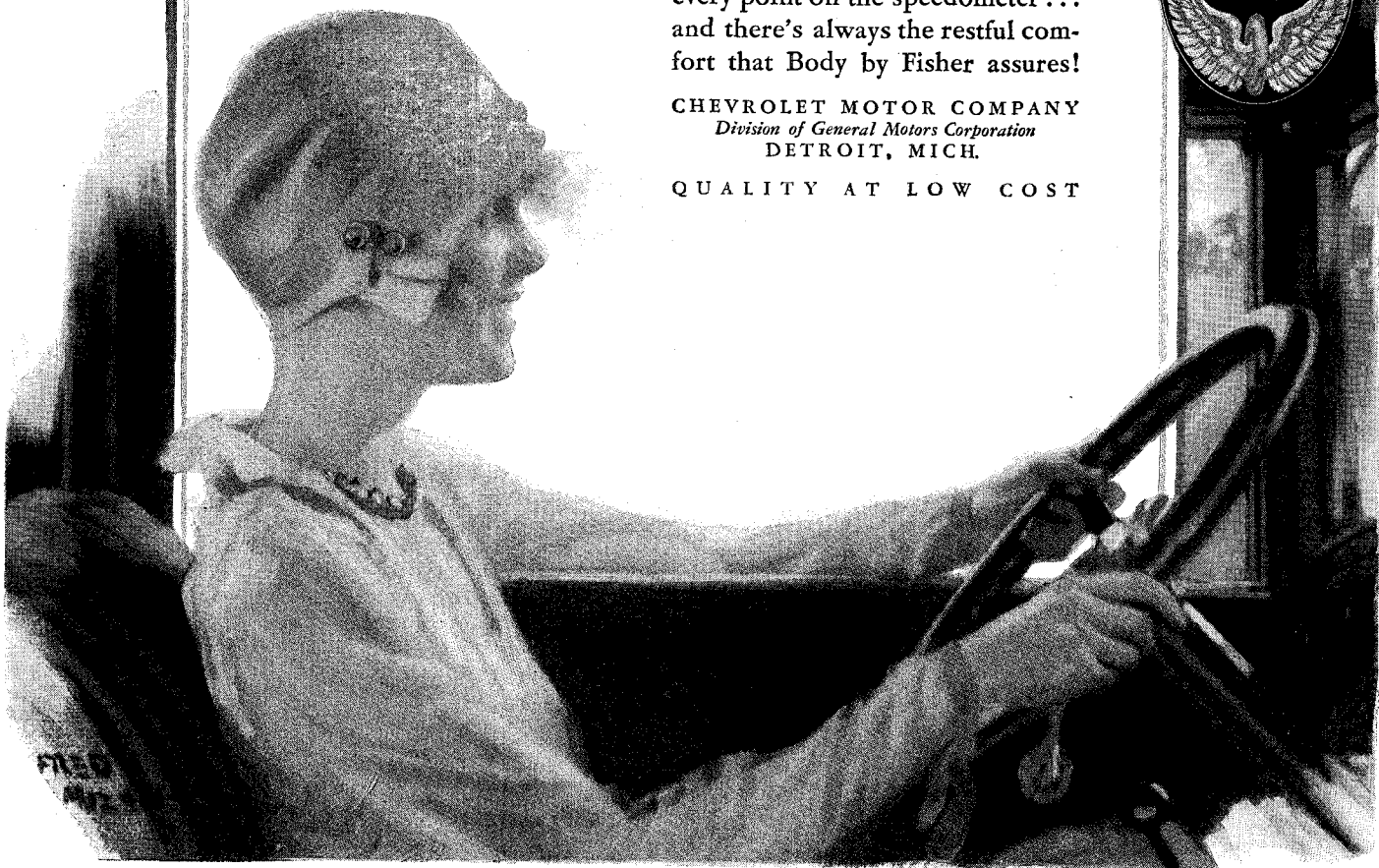
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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

AND MRS. PANKHURST SURELY DID "KICK UP A ROW"

MR. BALFOUR WAS PERFECTLY WILLING to advise the group of earnest workers who had called to consult him about the future of woman-suffrage in England. He himself was not in power at the time—on the contrary, he was the leader of "His Majesty's Opposition"—and he had no objection whatever, we are told, to putting a spoke in the wheel of the Liberal Government. Perhaps he had very little idea of how big and troublesome a spoke it was going to be, not only to Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George, but to the very

curses deep but not loud, because public-school chivalry does not permit a woman to be cursed aloud. Few women have ever carried to public life "the tactics of irritating persistence which age-old male dominance has bred in them in private life," as did Mrs. Pankhurst. She taught her followers "all the tricks calculated to drive well-ordered England to despair."

But Mrs. Pankhurst, who before the war furnished the press with sensational "copy" almost daily, was, the *Louisville Times* comments, a fortunate reformer, for "she lived to see the triumph of the cause for which she strove so valiantly—and so very violently."

After the war, numerous writers recall, the vote was granted to English women above thirty years of age; and just a few days before her death word was brought to Mrs. Pankhurst that the limit had been revised downward to twenty-one years. Age brought conservatism to the erstwhile fiery radical. When she died she was a Conservative candidate for the House of Commons, and engaged in so unexciting a business as running a tea shop.

Mrs. Pankhurst acquired liberal and radical principles with the very air she breathed in her girlhood home, as we shall see in this copyrighted account of her life in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

She was born at Manchester, the daughter of a radical politician and of a veteran Chartist, who narrowly escaped being killed in a franchise riot. In her childhood she was taken to Paris to be educated, and there was the close friend of a daughter of Henri Rochefort, and associated with many other "Red" radicals.

With such antecedents and preparation, in 1879 she was married to R. M. Pankhurst, a prominent barrister and an advanced radical. He was a member of the first woman-suffrage organization of England and was associated with John Stuart

Mill in drafting the first woman-suffrage bill introduced into Parliament. She eagerly joined him in his political work, and became a member of the executive committee of the suffrage society to which he belonged. She also assisted him in preparing and advocating the Married Woman's Property Act, which became law a few years after her marriage.

For a number of years she was an active supporter of the Liberal party, and did effective work for it as a campaign speaker. In 1892, however, she allied herself with the Independent Labor party, because of its greater sympathy with the cause of woman suffrage.

Her husband died in 1899, leaving her with four children, Sylvia, Christabel, Adela, and Henry. The last named died the next year, but the three daughters still are living. Adela has not been prominent in the suffrage campaigns of which her mother and two sisters have been leaders.

As a widow with moderate means, Mrs. Pankhurst set out to earn a livelihood for herself and family. She already had served as a member of the Manchester Board of Guardians of the Poor, but now she sought and secured appointment to the salaried position of registrar of vital statistics for the Manchester School Board.

There she found, or at any rate believed, that her advancement was blocked by reason of her sex, and she accordingly joined with some of her friends in organizing the woman's social and political union, of which she became honorary treasurer in 1903, and to which thereafter she devoted all her activities.

The visit to Mr. Balfour, which came after this, set the course of suffrage agitation, of which we read:

(Continued on page 35)

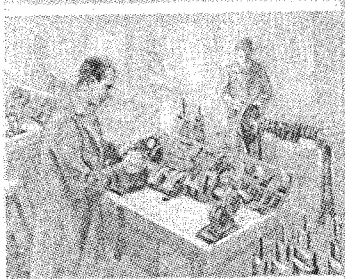


Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

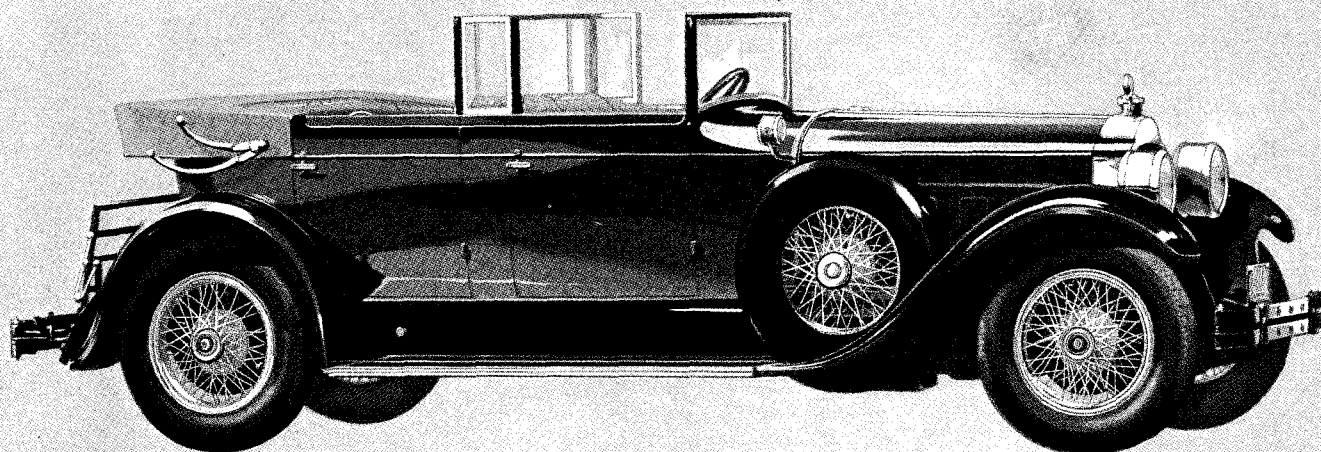
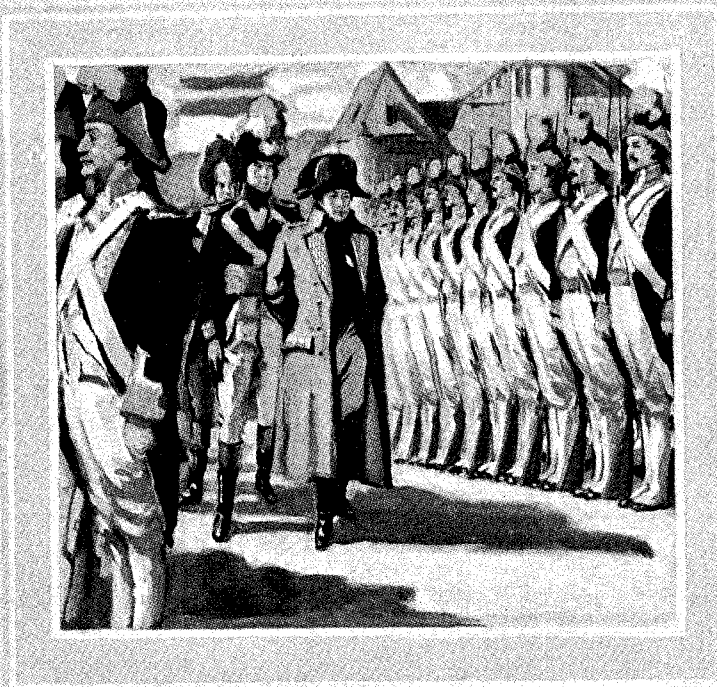
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CHAMPIONS OF THEIR SEX

A souvenir of the days of suffragettes—and of skirts. Mrs. Pankhurst is in the center of the group, while on her left and right, respectively, stand her American admirers, the late Inez Milholland Boissevain, and Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch.

life of the nation. The leader of the inquiring delegation, a mild-mannered woman—"slender, dignified, handsome, with the manners of an aristocrat"—pointed out that the Government had paid no attention to their moderate and ladylike propaganda. Their bills had been presented to Parliament in vain. And here, according to a *New York Herald Tribune* writer (chronicling Mrs. Pankhurst's history after her death), Mr. Balfour uttered the words of Machiavellian wisdom which were to have such momentous consequences. "Kick up a row," he is quoted as saying to Emmeline Pankhurst, the leader of the little delegation. "Invent one method after another," and much more to the same effect. Whereby the course of the suffrage movement in England was completely changed. Thereafter, we are reminded, few daughters of England have been so execrated as Mrs. Pankhurst, the militant "mother of woman suffrage," under whose guidance women smashed acres of plate-glass windows, poured acid into mail-boxes, chained themselves to seats in Parliament, and hooted speakers, clawed policemen who tried to arrest them, threw a hatchet at Premier Asquith, and resorted to bombing Lloyd George's house. One even met death by throwing herself under the pounding hoofs of a horse in the Derby. Thus the English suffragists attracted attention to their cause. Mrs. Pankhurst was execrated in the oaths of Englishmen, records the *New York Evening Post*, winning



The Emperor of the French was noted for his rigid standards in the inspection of his crack regiments



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CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

ONE of the old fishermen in Heijermann's play "The Good Hope" remarks, "We take the fish and the sea takes us." So far his philosophy reached, and perhaps an answer is suggested to the following from "Sky-Rider" (The Mosher Press):

SHIPS WITH YOUR SILVER NETS

BY WADE OLIVER

Ships with your silver nets,
And white, sky-going spars,
What has the green sea yielded,
And the blue sea set with stars?
"Cod and haddock and mackerel:
These are the precious store
Our nets have dragged in the billowy dawn
From the shifting ocean floor."
"Haddock and cod and mackerel."
Stuff for the belly's need,
But what of the stuff of beauty
Frailer and rarer indeed?
What of the frail sea flowers
Your gleaming nets brought up?
What of the sea anemones
Fragile and fair as a cup?
What of the pulsing daphnids,
What of the shimmering sheen
Of the weedy forests your nets uproot,
Golden and brown and green?
And what of the red dawn's magic
Through which your white sails lift,
The high moon's silver reticence,
The high star's singing drift?
Fishermen out of all the world
Netters of haddock and cod,
What has the green sea yielded,
And the blue sea starred of God?

THOSE who read Mr. Oliver's poem, that took *The Gipsy* magazine prize, may like to renew acquaintance in the above volume:

LOVE, RAKE THE ASHES

BY WADE OLIVER

Love, rake the ashes over the dying fire;
Conserve for a blacker night the last, least gleam;
Now let us drowse; the sparks of old desire
Under their ashy blanket breathe and dream.
And then to bed; with creak and counter-creak
Compose our worn bones till the stab of dawn,
When we must rise to candles guttering weak,
And robes of immortality put on.

And if upon the midmost verge of dark
I hear the lean cold clicking at the latch,
And, rising in the bitter stillness, mark
The death-ticks' chitter through the frozen thatch,
Yet will my heart dance to a faster rhyme,
Knowing we've had our world as in our time!

THOSE knowing in bird language may sense the plight of this sparrow, reported by *The Atlantic Monthly*; but perhaps a city dweller will not weep overmuch:

SPARROW'S LAMENT

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

The Great Shrike put me on a thorn
Too near the house where I was born.
It's made of straw I thought so fine.
I see that heaven-pointing pine
I sang in, scrag against the sky.
No singing now for such as I.
Poor I—he must have marked my crest
(Or that strange spot upon my breast)
To fancy me from all the rest.
Good Cankerworms! The tree's possessed!
These other hop-in-hedges loop
Their necks like robins with the roop.
Don't lollop around so sour and still,
Grimalkins . . . fly to Thirsty Hill!
I heard my blood drip on a stone.
Oh, Birds, how bright his bent beak shone!

The Frontier, a magazine of the Northwest (State University, Missoula, Montana), gives us a picture of the founding of that section that doubtless furnishes many reduplications. We shall have to pronounce his name "Shot."

I. PETER SCHÄTT

A Chronicle

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Peter Schätt came West, when West was new,
Staked out a claim, foursquare and true;
Lived there alone, homesteaded it,
Then unlike others, didn't quit,
But added to his holdings till
His lands included all Schätt's hill.
He built great barns and a log house
Beneath the fragrant cedar boughs;
And sent "outside" for a hausfrau,
A team of Percherons, a cow;
He laid a road and surfaced it
With stone hauled from Schätt's gravel pit;
He felled the forest, blasted stumps,
Cut alder and vinemaple clumps,
Grubbed out the rampant poison oak—
The slashings made a mighty smoke!
And as the ground was cleared and bare,
Set row on row of fruit trees there.
(No better prunes than Schätt's are known!)
Then as his ten fine sons were grown
He deeded each a fertile plot—
So generous was Peter Schätt!—
To plant to walnuts, grain or what.
And to his daughters was as fair—
For when each wed, she had her share.
As for the children they begot
There was a tract for every tot—
A double tract for those named Schätt!
He built a school and saw it fill
With youngsters born upon Schätt's Hill;
And, this the undiverging rule,
Schätt's schoolma'ams *only* taught Schätt's school.
He was the law. An erring Schätt
Was evicted and forgot.
He raised a place for worship, too—
A family to every pew—
A church that ell-wise might be pieced
Out as the tribe of Schätt increased;
An edifice with bell and spire,
Schätts in the pulpit, in the choir
And on their knees to lieber Gott.
(Who is to blame them if they thought
In lineaments He was a Schätt?)
Still even Schätts are not immortal;
The patriarch died (but with a chortle!)
That, with the grave, was nowise stopped
The root and branch of Peter Schätt.

A YEARNING from the East in *The Cosmopolitan*, a native magazine in English, published in Calcutta. Santals are a non-Aryan people dwelling to the northwest of Calcutta.

SANTALS

T. VIJAYATUNGA

O dark Santals, O dark Santals,
How prettily you go,
In swaying files, in winding lines
One—two—three—four—

O dark Santals, O dark Santals,
How well you range
Your jet black hair
With flowers strange.

O dark Santals, O dark Santals,
How well you drape
Your bright dark forms
In red-edged crepe.

O dark Santals, O dark Santals,
Dark of skin and dark of eye,
Lend me your laughing hearts so light
Lest heavy-hearted I should die.

WHETHER passion or prudence be one's leading-string, there is still something to rue, or we are misled by *The Century*:

MARPESSA: OR ANY WOMAN

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Marpessa, loved by the god Apollo, and by Idas, a mortal man, chose the man, fearing the god would not prove faithful to her.

That she had chosen well
Marpessa knew—
Was ever god to mortal woman true?

But Idas, now. . . .
Oh, he was faithful, good,
And he provided well—as husbands should.

Fine food, soft raiment,
Jewels, had she not?
Women, she knew, were envious of her lot.

And yet, and yet—
Beside her always trod
A splendid shadow, a remembered god!

Now and again were days
When, in the press
Of solid living, she knew wistfulness.

Each day they brought to her
Some whispered story
Of maids bedazzled by the young god's glory.

And, hearing, she would say,
"Oh, I was wise!"
Then, suddenly, the tears would blind her eyes!

Above the gossips'
Eager whisperings,
She seemed to hear the beat, the whirl of wings!

IN *Westward* (San Francisco) Miss Wurdemann gives us a new vision of the Milky Way:

VIA LACTEA

BY AUDREY WURDEMAN

White bees
That swam in the night,
White bees
In a patterned flight.
The night wind coming
Is the beat of their wings.
The universe sings
In their vibrant humming.

Through the night
White bees
In flight.

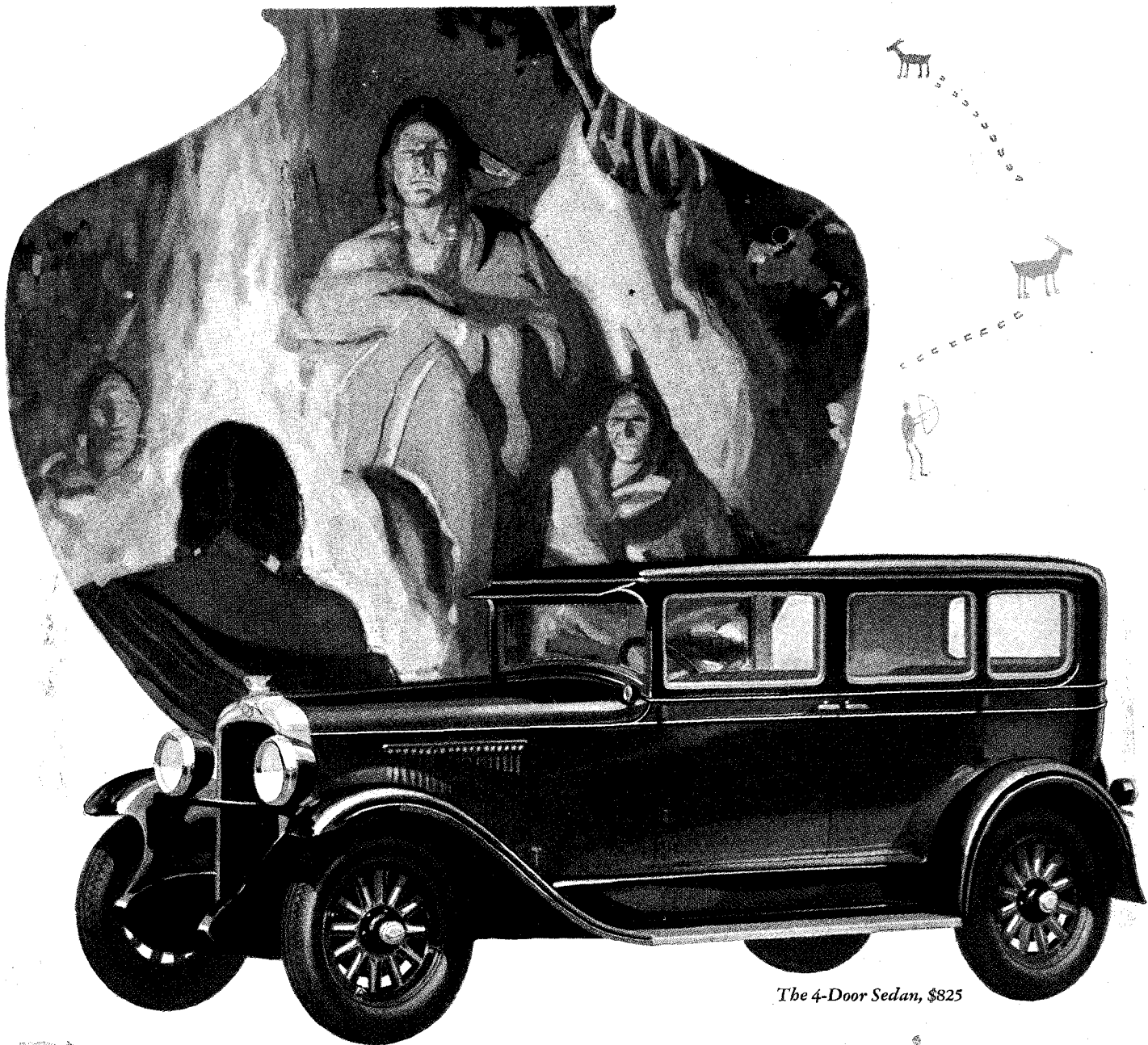
A BIT of village domestic tragedy in *The Commonweal*:

LATE SPRING

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

With laughter all the village folk
Would watch her pass;
Old Mary Polk in glaring dress
With clicking beads of glass.
She, once so drab in all the years
Her father lived, now glowed
A gaudy melon flower: a rose,
A cabbage-rose full blown.

Poor fools, they laughed to see her.
Tapped their heads, quite numb
To her awakened soul that shone
After eclipse. Not one could plumb
Her spirit's ecstasy, where dim lanes flung
Out bridal streamers. Lanes long gloomed
With winter where,
At length, the lilac bloomed.



Better than ever and winning even *greater success*

Ever since it flashed into the field, Pontiac Six has been a history-making car. Its first year was one of record breaking proportions. Its second saw even more spectacular heights attained. And now, Pontiac Six is winning even greater success — because today's Pontiac Six in countless ways is a better car than its famous predecessors. Combining the mas-

terly beauty of bodies by Fisher, the assurance of highest quality construction and numerous notable engineering advancements, it provides style, comfort, long life and smooth six-cylinder performance such as never before were available at prices as low as \$745. Ride once in this Pontiac Six—and you will agree . . . *here is value that cannot be matched!*

Pontiac Six, \$745 to \$875. All prices at factory.

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Cooking Freedom!

SAVORY, tender ham . . . always summer's favorite, even at the cost of many long and patient hours of boiling and baking in a hot kitchen. But now that cooking labor is unnecessary. For Flavor-Sealed Ham—already cooked for you by the new Hormel method—may be baked your favorite way in *only one hour*.

The secret of this more flavorful ham is—*vacuum sealed cooking*. This new way, Hormel places a mildly cured ham in a vacuum container, and then thoroughly cooks it with all its original flavorful richness sealed in. All those juices which escape in water and steam during the ordinary cooking process are retained beyond escape!

Thus it is delivered to you, vacuum sealed. Open the container, and a veritable treasure in good food awaits you. Instantly ready to serve cold or in sandwiches. May be grilled or fried in 4 minutes.

Easy to keep, to prepare, to serve. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat, no waste. If your dealer does not carry, write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

HORMEL

Flavor-Sealed

HAM

Always have an extra Flavor-Sealed Ham on the pantry shelf for emergency use. Until opened, it keeps indefinitely without refrigeration.

TRY THIS
BAKED HAM RECIPE

Pit a Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham with cloves. Cover with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar. Place ham in covered roasting pan containing pint of milk. Bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes. Baste at 15 minute intervals. Remove cover and brown for 15 minutes. Garnish with pineapple rings or slices of orange with a dash of raspberry jelly.

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

(Continued from page 30)

The story of the "votes-for-women campaign" thereafter is national rather than personal. It involved some of the most extraordinary performances ever recorded in the annals of agitation, of fanaticism, and of crime, including arson, destruction of priceless property, and more than one murderous assault, together with innumerable acts which were simply spectacular and sometimes ludicrous.

Here let us turn aside to an editorial in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which tells us more in detail of the Pankhurstian activities in their heyday:

She and her associates set about destroying property. Their chief activity was the smashing of plate-glass windows. They bore no malice whatever against their victims, made no inquiries as to their views on woman suffrage, and smashed for the sole purpose of establishing themselves as public nuisances. They took to pouring acid into mail-boxes, destroying letters promiscuously, including the letters of many good suffragists. Practically no one in England liked Emmeline and her stalwart and not unhandsome daughters, but no one knew just what to do with them. When they were pitched into jail, which occurred frequently enough, they went on hunger strikes, and as compulsory feeding was both cruel and detrimental to the health, they were permitted to starve for some time. Then they were released, for British public sentiment, tho outraged, did not approve capital punishment for window-smashers.

And the *New Haven Journal-Courier* adds amusedly:

A kind of uncanny acumen guided her program. She studied the nature of the British male to see what would hurt him worst, and then she proceeded to utilize that weapon.

It was sensationalism. The phlegmatic Briton abhors it. Violence and gaudiness are tabu with him, whether in political tactics, in dress, or in domestic relations. A nice, quiet, mannerly campaign by sweet-voiced and ladylike creatures for the ballot he would have beamed on. The point is that his beaming would have been unproductive of further results.

The British gentleman recoiled from this raucous barrage, and when he foresaw that it bade fair to be interminable unless satisfied, he gave way. In the giving dawned the New Feminism. The rowdy tactics of the ladies won what strict adherence to the rules of etiquette could never have wrested from their lordships, the men.

After this digression, let us return to *The Herald Tribune* for Mrs. Pankhurst's other doings:

Mrs. Pankhurst led the suffrage campaign. Some of the most extravagant acts were her own, and for all of them, including arson, she volunteered responsibility. Time and time again she was arrested and sentenced to fine or imprisonment.

To thwart the law she invented the "hunger strike," refusing to eat, and threatening to starve herself to death unless she was released from jail—a practise which various other militant suffragists adopted with success. In reply, the Asquith government devised the "cat and mouse" system, under which a prisoner going on a "hunger strike" would be kept until starvation threatened fatal results. Then she would be released, but kept under surveillance, to be returned to prison as soon as her health was sufficiently recovered.

A chronological table, presented by *The Herald Tribune* as it continues, will show how this worked in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst herself in 1913-1914:

Sentenced.....	April 3, 1913
Released.....	April 12, 1913
Rearrested.....	May 26, 1913
Released.....	May 30, 1913
Rearrested.....	June 14, 1913
Released.....	June 16, 1913
Rearrested.....	July 21, 1913
Released.....	July 24, 1913
Rearrested.....	December 4, 1913
Released.....	December 7, 1913
Rearrested.....	March 9, 1914
Released.....	March 14, 1914

During this period Mrs. Pankhurst, still under sentence, visited the United States, and then the European Continent. She formerly had visited this country in 1911. On the second visit,

in 1913, the immigration officials at New York declined to let her land, and ordered her deportation as a convicted criminal.

Appeal was made to Washington, which overruled the immigration officers, and permitted her to land on the understanding that she would incite no breach of the peace, and would return to England at the end of her lecture tour. This she did.

The outbreak of the World War marked a new epoch in Mrs. Pankhurst's career. Her "militancy" was not abandoned; but it was transformed from feminism to patriotism. With her eldest daughter Christabel, she threw herself into the work of promoting recruiting and of providing supplies for the Army.

To this work she also brought the entire organization which she had formed for the suffrage cause. Her younger daughter Sylvia parted with her, however, opposed the war, joined the Communists, and was for a time imprisoned under the Defense of the Realm Act.

"Curiously enough," observes the *Boston Post* in summation:

The system of female suffrage is now regarded in England as a natural development of modern civilization, something that has come into being without causing the slightest disturbance in the body politic.

It was different only a few years ago. The actions of Mrs. Pankhurst and her disciples were crude, tasteless and often violent. They offended the friends of woman suffrage the world over. But it is now possible to see that their very "cantankerousness" did much to bring the matter before the public and the lawmakers, and that had they not been adopted, the cause might still be slumbering.

All this has possibly conjured up in the reader's mind a rather fearsome figure; and realizing this the *Boston Herald* hastens to do Mrs. Pankhurst's personality justice in this wise:

A virago? Not at all. An Amazon? By no means. The manner by which she obtained her firm grip on the fidelity of her militant followers always has seemed mystifying. There was the blood of crusaders in her veins, her inheritance all tended to make her a reformer, and reforms many times in history have been won by leaders who seemed poorly adapted to play the part allotted them on the world stage.

And she had her feminine foibles. In the news accounts of her death there is considerable disagreement as to her age, which ranges in the reports from sixty-eight to seventy-four years. The explanation of this discrepancy is found in *The Herald Tribune*:

She took pride in having been born on July 14, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. Clinging to the traditional prerogative of her sex, however, which not even her zeal for the political equality of the sexes moved her to abandon, she did not disclose the year of her birth.



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NEAR THE CLOSE OF A CROWDED LIFE

After seeing her agitation crowned with success, Mrs. Pankhurst settled down to the peaceful life she really preferred.

CARROTS VERSUS DEATH IN AN ELEPHANT ACT

THE CIRCUS OWNER WAS OBLIVIOUS to all but one thing in the world. Seated in the grand stand under the "big top" he had been a moment before rather blasé than otherwise, but now he was a wide-eyed, gasping boy. To a friend he had said, "Of course, she doesn't do much, but then it makes a good flash—a woman handling a bunch of elephants." But the woman who wouldn't "do much" had finished the "lay down" under a herd of elephants, had reclined upon a carpet while every elephant in the herd stepped over her, then halted, and returned to position over her body, this time backward; she had stood on the head of an elephant as it reared from all fours to its hind legs; she had been whirled madly about in an elephant's trunk, and now—

"Watch Lucia Zora," the announcer shouted, making up his "spiel" as he went along; "she will now make her exit from the ring, riding on the tusk of the only elephant in the world who walks like a man—'Snyder,' the biggest performing pachyderm under canvas. The management offers \$25,000 reward to produce the equal of this elephant and his marvelous woman trainer, the brave Lucia Zora. Watch her!"

Just then there came an interruption from the excited owner, who had not been told of the feats that were to be performed that day. "You bet this circus offers that reward! But nobody'll take it. And listen—cut out that 'brave Lucia Zora' stuff. She ain't just brave—she's bravest, get that? The Bravest Woman in the World! What's more, the whole world's going to know it!"

This high spot in the career of Lucia Zora, the woman animal trainer of a circus, came in spite of the efforts of her husband, Fred Alispaw, an animal trainer himself, to dissuade her from such hazardous forms of circus life. But we read in her book, "Sawdust and Solitude" (Little, Brown), edited by Courtney Ryley Cooper, the story of how she overcame obstacles. She had, for example, trained two baby elephants, "Kas" and "Mo," but this did not satisfy her, we conclude from this chat she reports with her husband:

"Fred," I announced, "I need your help. I want to put on the most spectacular elephant act in the show business!"

He stared.

"Don't want much," came finally. "Spectacular acts are dangerous."

"Naturally. But I want it. I want to surprize the boss."

Again he was silent, at last to scratch his head quizzically, then to smile in unexplained fashion.

"All right, Sweetheart," came firmly; "you want an exciting act, do you? Well, you'll get it!"

A long time afterward, Fred confessed to me that it was his desire to frighten me out of the truly dangerous desire to be more than a figurehead during the performance of the elephant herd. But I did not know that. At two o'clock that afternoon—the show was in winter quarters—I stood in costume beside the curb of a practise ring set up near the menagerie house, while one by one Fred led the great pachyderms forth and turned them

into my keeping. I knew them all, and they knew me from more than a year of almost constant association, but this was the first time that I ever had sought to make them obey my commands.

For a moment I was frankly nervous, realizing that I, a woman, was about to attempt to assume command of eight beasts which, if they willed, could not only set aside my rule, but wreck everything in sight. The power of an elephant is almost inconceivable. He is the only wild animal which remains in captivity of his own free will. Chains can not hold him when he decides to break them. His mentality, gaged from a standpoint of animal reasoning power, is almost 100 per cent. His average weight is several tons, all of this a swift-working instrument of destructive power when he decides to use it. The slightest blow of the end of his trunk, whisked for a distance of even six inches, can crush the ribs of a human being as tho they had been struck by a sledge hammer. When I realized these things, something akin to stage fright began to creep over me—to be checked just in time. Then, before the thought could seize me again, I leapt into the ring, and, my bull whip cracking, began to shout my commands.

The elephants blinked and stared toward Fred. I pretended not to notice. A leap and I was at the head of "Old Mom," to hook her gently and to pull her forward until she was trotting around the ring, the rest of the herd following. Just as suddenly I gave the command for her to halt, and she obeyed. I knew that I had won my first battle; if those elephants would obey one command from me they would obey another. Fred waved from the ring curb.

"Good work! Now jump right into the routine." Jump I did. I knew every move, every command, from having watched my husband perform the act every afternoon and night during the circus season. Once the start was made, everything was easy, and I finished the entire performance with little need for the assistance of Fred. He waved a hand in congratulation. Then:

"Not satisfied?"

"It's just the regular stuff that they've always done."

"Very well. You're the one to be satisfied. Get that blanket. Put it in the center of the ring."

I obeyed. He took the bull hook from me.

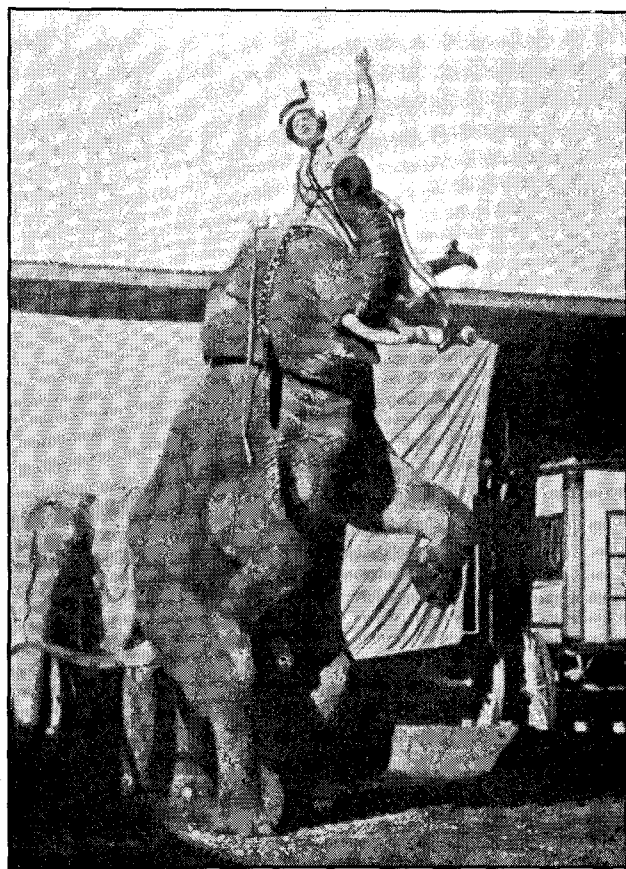
"Now, lie down."

I obeyed, and Fred turned to the herd of elephants, with his old air of ring generalship.

"Mom!" he shouted. "Forward! Knees! Down!"

Almost before I had realized it, he had brought "Old Mom," the leader of the herd, forward and forced her into a crouching position above me, the heavy skin of her belly pressing gently upon my breast, the whole tremendous weight of her only held off me by her bent legs; a position of strain, which, if she should lower her weight, even for an inch, would mean death for me. I confess that I felt a bit nervous. Death, when it whizzes toward you in a swift accident, is an exciting affair, and one seldom thinks of it until afterward. But with several tons of elephant flesh crouched above you, and with your only salvation the docility of that elephant itself, one is prone to consider a great many things. But that was only the beginning.

One by one Fred brought the other elephants forward, pyramiding them until "Old Mom" formed the support for the whole herd, while I was, like the proverbial woman, "at the bottom of everything!" A slip of any of those huge beasts,



From "Sawdust and Solitude" (Little, Brown & Co.)

"THE BRAVEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"

Such was the circus verdict on Lucia Zora's feat with "Snyder," the colossal elephant—later a man-killer—which she trained to take her for a ride on one of his tusks, like this.

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a misstep, a miscalculation on the part of "Old Mom" in holding her weight from me—any of these things might mean my end, and my teeth were tight-gritted as I lay there, listening to the scraping of the rough skin as the beasts crashed into place, the trumpeting and squealing of the huge mammals as Fred sent them, one after another, into different forms of the pyramid, and finally the loud swishing of their armorlike hides as they "broke formation" in response to Fred's command. Once again with free air above me, instead of tons of elephant flesh, I rose, relaxed, then sighed—the sigh of a person who has just come from prison. Fred grinned.

"How'd you like it?" he asked. I smiled in reply.

"It's a great trick, Fred. Only I'll have to have you in the ring on that one—I can't command the herd from under 'Old Mom.'"

His stare was one of frank amazement.

"Is that all the kick you get out of it—that I've got to be in the ring? I—" then he grinned boyishly—"well, if that's the case, I guess there isn't anything left for you but the wildest act in the world. If that's what you want, I guess I'll have to arrange it!"

So Fred Alispaw proceeded to "arrange it," and how he did so, and what happened, we read next:

Of all the elephants of the herd, one appealed to me more than all the others, a gigantic beast, standing fully a foot taller than any other of my performers, and with long, sweeping tusks—"Snyder," now notorious in the circus world as "Snyder, the Man-killer." To me he was the most magnificent specimen of elephantine flesh I ever looked upon. More than that, as I worked the herd, I noticed that he had a wonderful sense of balance, that during the pyramids, when it was necessary for the "bulls" to stand on their hind legs for a given space of time, it was "Snyder" who endured the strain best. It gave me an idea—to ride out of the ring on that elephant's tusks, the elephant himself walking on his hind feet. Fred told me that it never before had been accomplished by any trainer, much less a woman.

Together we set to work, first to build a high pedestal, and, this completed, to lead "Snyder" to it and command him into a "hind-leg stand." "Snyder" obeyed, being able to hold this erect position, however, for only a moment. Time after time we sent him into this position, always facing him toward the pedestal, until at last the tired beast placed his front feet against it to rest. That was what we wanted. Then, gradually, we taught him to stand there, and to take steps with his hind feet.

For several weeks this continued, not because "Snyder" had not learned what was expected of him, but for the strengthening of his hindquarters that they might bear the weight of his body from the performing ring to the menagerie connection.

In this, the rewards were heavy. One step and "Snyder" received a juicy carrot. Two steps and two carrots. Soon the crafty "Snyder" was on his hind feet and walking whenever the opportunity provided—and he always got the carrots. His capacity was great, and we were not niggardly with rewards, especially when they meant strong hind legs and a constantly growing sense of balance. Within two weeks, "Snyder" could cover the entire circle of the ring without the aid of his sling, and within two months more, he could traverse the whole quarters yard and back again! Then came the hardest task of all—to teach him to carry me on one tusk—for that upset his whole theory of balance, with the result that he was forced to learn his lesson all over again, while the supply of carrots went steadily downward. Eight weeks passed before "Snyder" could control the extra burden of my weight—and then the circus opened.

THE SILKWORM—MONARCH OF A JAPANESE FAMILY

WRAPT IN BLACK ROBES, the Shinto priest came to the house, to be welcomed with enthusiasm and respect by the Japanese family. The priest, by his prayers, imparted to his hosts a sense of intimate relationship with the deity of the little white caterpillars whose product means so much to our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts, in the way of stockings and other pleasant accessories dear to their souls. So we behold the priest of the kindly silk god decorating the

family altar with holy coils of rice straw, and smiling when piles of bronze coins were placed on the altar as an offering for him. During the ceremony, known as the "commencement exercises" of the silkworms, the lady of the house, we are told, offered the worms their last meal. While a few of them crawled across the platform of the altar or over his robe, the priest prayed, his glance directly on the vase containing *ohesoku* for purification—papers of the purest rose pink. Thirty-five days had passed since the silkworms had been hatched. Now they had ceased to eat and were ready to spin their cocoons, from which shining threads would be spun, to be transmuted ultimately into



Photographs by courtesy of ASIA, the American Magazine of the Orient

THE GOD OF THE SILKWORMS TAKES A FESTIVAL RIDE

Preceded by its attendant priest, the symbolic image of the patron deity of silk culture is thus honored after the caterpillars have ceased to eat.

delicate and costly fabrics for beautiful gowns, sheer hosiery, and other charming habiliments.

"I was a simple-minded boy," Keizo K. Matsuno tells us in *Asia*, as he describes the raising and care of the silkworm, emphasizing, as we have seen, the part played by religion. "I joined in the exercises without analyzing them. The simplicity of my mind and heart was the result of a passionate, inherited instinct. I set offerings of rice before the god of the silkworm, who gave me the pleasing expectation of becoming rich quickly. To seek favor of the Japanese gods was one of the most elementary lessons that I had learned." Mr. Matsuno's parents, we read, were silkworm-growers at Shosai in northeastern Japan. The lives of the people were bound up in their work, and they gave their worms better care than themselves. The writer gives us many intimate and picturesque details. For example, the worms had to be protected from the cold, and in this manner:

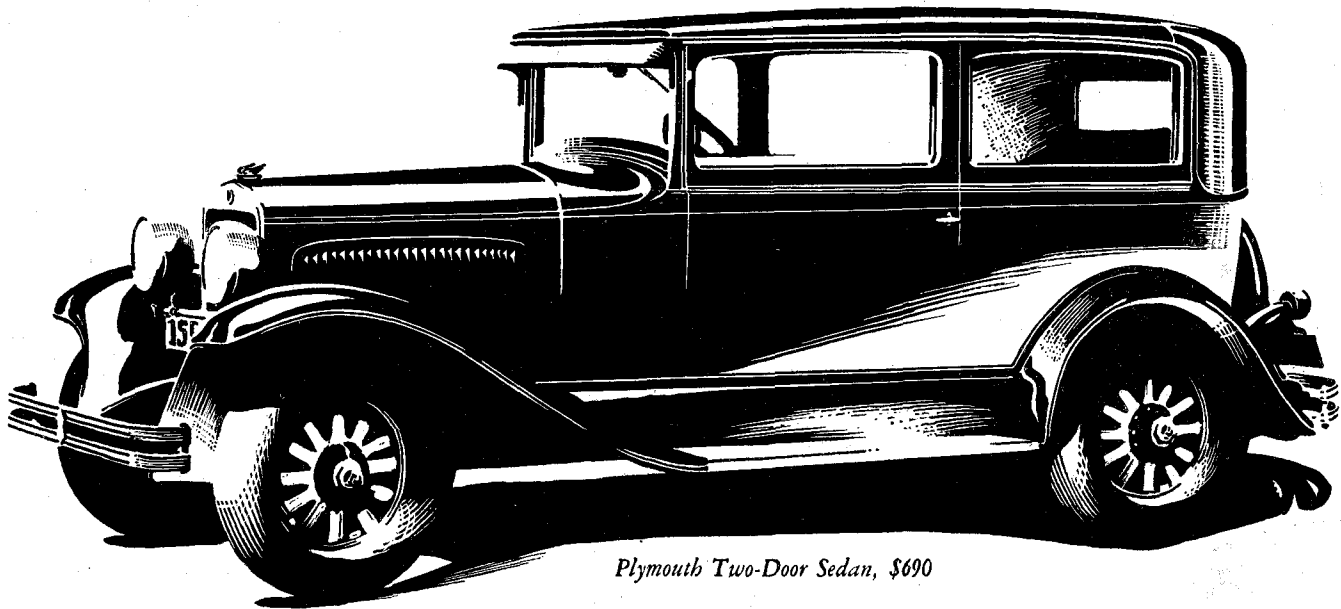
Toward the end of May a night would come when the man in the weather-bureau would suddenly fire a *noroshi*, or rocket, several times before the village hall to warn us of the coming frost. Carrying rice-bran and straw on their backs, people hurried from all directions to the mulberry groves; for a burst of *noroshi*—don-den-don—echoed like a cannon in every town and village. The river was noisy with boats coming and going, the splash of bamboo oars, the shrill cries of men, and the sound of horns announcing the arrival of the boats.

My neighbors and I crossed the river, rowing my father's boat through a veil of drifting smoke. Then we set fire to the rice-straw already piled up at the edge of our groves. That night the air was heavy and still. Since everybody kept rice-bran and straw smoldering until purple dawn dissipated the mists, the whole district was so densely smoke-screened that we could not see the trees a few yards away. It was like *senjo* (the field of battle), when the boom of *noroshi*, resounding across the



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Touring	695
De Luxe Coupe	720
4-Door Sedan	725

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A NEW ZENITH OF LOW PRICED CAR-LUXURY AND PERFORMANCE

Plymouth Features—New slender profile chromium-plated radiator. — Long, low bodies. — Generous room for 2 to 5 passengers, according to body model. — Luxurious deep upholstery and appointment detail such as you expect only in cars of far higher price. — New "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, for use with any gasoline. — Smooth speed up to 60 and more miles an hour. — Characteristic Chrysler acceleration. — Unbelievable smoothness of operation at all driving speeds. — Body impulse neutralizer. — Chrysler light-action internal expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes—no other car of this price possesses this feature.

With the new Plymouth, Chrysler is the first to give, at so low a price, the advantages of performance, riding ease, dependability and full adult size which characterize fine cars of higher price.

It is so revolutionary an advance over other low priced cars, it is such conclusive evidence that the past year's strides in the science of manufacturing have multiplied the purchasing power of the motor car dollar, that you will surely want to see it and drive it.

A Plymouth ride is the best demonstration of the ease with which it leaps from 5 to 60 and more miles per hour—the quiet of its power and the smoothness of its flight. You yourself must put your foot to the light-action internal hydraulic

4-wheel brakes to know the confidence of the fastest and safest deceleration you have ever experienced.

And above all, you must see its beautiful lines and finish, and stretch at ease in its deep-upholstered, full adult-size bodies, to comprehend how completely the Plymouth surpasses cars heretofore sold under \$1000.

Please see and ride in the Plymouth. We believe you will discover there has never been a car anywhere near its price that can approach the Plymouth for power, pick-up, smoothness, easy handling, safety, quietness and roominess—nor that can equal it in beauty and style.

New Chrysler "75"—priced from \$1535 to \$1655 New Chrysler "65"—priced from \$1040 to \$1145 All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

groves, was intermingled with the shouts and yells of silkworm-raisers.

In the morning the breeze had risen. The smoke-screens wavered like loosened silk curtains, rolled, drifted softly and slowly toward Kakuda, and melted into the colors of the woods that fringed the boundary of Igu. The sun slowly forced its way up about the gigantic Shiho Mountain, snow-peaked, with foothills of rich green; the horizon was crimson. The scene comes back to me often; I shall never forget the immense concern the silkworm-raisers felt about the food of the worms or their joy at protecting the leaves from the frost.

The silkworms in fact required as much care as children, and seem to have received more. The temperature of their quarters was watched, they needed an abundance of their favorite food,



THE FLUFFY COCOONS AND THEIR CONTENTS

Some have been cut open to expose the chrysalis which, if permitted, would eat its way out in the form of a pale moth.

mulberry leaves. Sometimes worms were not fed enough, and then there was trouble, as there was also when the leaf crop was inadequate. Reading on, we are told:

Once our neighbor across the way, who kept a mulberry-leaf shop, raised many caterpillars, and did not take care of them with uniform temperature and plentiful food. They suffered the tortures of hunger, and they were crowded in small, unclean trays. Unfortunately they were attacked by disease. As they tried to conceal themselves under rice-hulls, we felt like witnesses of a scene of human suffering and death. Immediately after death their bodies hardened and became white. Until the priest administered the rites, they were laid with no other company than flies.

That spring, damp weather set in, and disease among the silkworms was frequent in our neighborhood. My mother was then especially careful. With the help of girls whom she hired, she removed dirt, litter, and the diseased worms. Most of our worms were strong, and ate six or seven times in a day.

Because of our inability to hire enough men for the harvest, I went to my father's mulberry grove beyond the Abukuma and plucked leaves with his hired men and women. Since the mulberry-trees were only five or six feet high, we could gather the leaves quite easily.

About the first part of July, some silkworm-raisers came to us and asked us to sell them our mulberry-trees; for there was a shortage of leaves. The loud voices of the mulberry-leaf agents in their dark-gray village costumes could be heard in the groves. "*Kuwano-ha!*"—"Mulberry leaves!" the agents cried every evening in the surging throng of the silkworm-raisers on the bank. Across the sky-blue current, through the soft glow of sunset, the boats moved rapidly, one behind another, and, every time they reached the bank, the agents' cries grew louder. A week later the price of leaves went up, and the poor villagers, who, venturing on a speculation, had raised more silkworms than they could feed, faced a desperate fight against poverty and fell into the hands of money-lenders. My father bought their silkworms from some of these poorer farmers.

One day my mother told me that she had to feed the silkworms more than six times in a day on account of the warm weather. There was, however, one difficulty confronting us; we could not gather enough leaves to feed the worms. I was greatly impressed by the endurance and courage of my mother, who stirred the hearts of all. I got up early the next morning, when the sky,

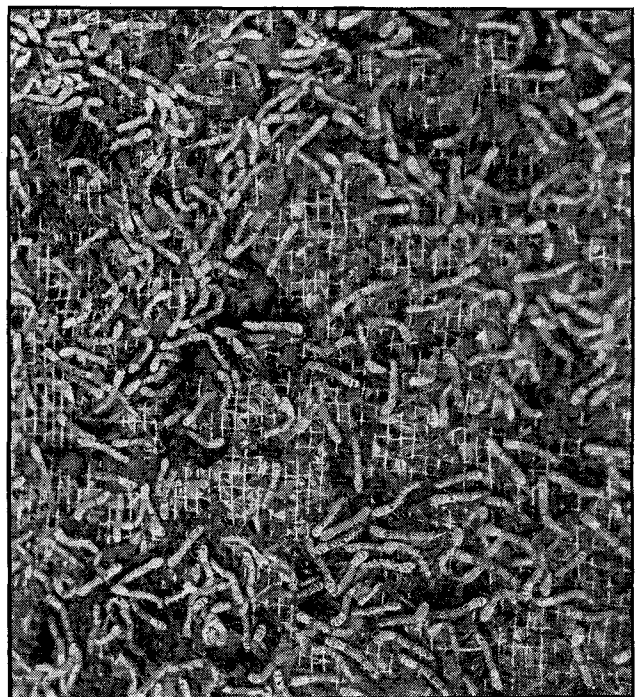
stained with soft carmine, was mirrored in the river, and went to the mulberry grove with the hired men, who never complained, no matter how hard their work was. At that time the groves began to shine in the glow of the sun as it rose above the snow-capped Shiho Mountain, and we forgot the bitterness of toil in the vision of the morning.

Soon many men came in their boats to the groves. The pickers sang in chorus, their songs echoing and reechoing in the sunny, gold-flecked air when the morning mist was lifted from the mulberry groves. The crowded banks, the spirited horses galloping all the way down the road, the boatmen's songs, the flags flying over the groves and the sound of trumpets—these marked the location of the finest district of the silkworm-raisers.

In the evening, when dusk fell, the villagers, with bags of leaves on their backs, came back by boat across the river and made their way home. Many of the trampers were singing the popular song, "The Silkworm-raiser." Soul-thrilling echoes broke out everywhere; peal after peal of the temple bell, reverberating through the village, added to the happy voices. Watching for the arrival of their parents, the usual crowd of children had gathered in the village square, which overlooked the plain of rice-fields in the south, Edano village in the north and, in the west, the river, roaring away toward the Kakuda, clearly outlined against the dome of the hollow blue sky. The children watched the sea-blue water, wherein hundreds of lanterns were mirrored when the boats crossed. The thatched, queer-gabled stores and shops around the square flew sun-flags to encourage the silkworm-raisers; strings of paper lanterns were stretched from roof to roof.

On the busiest days the boatmen had difficulty in handling the enormous number of passengers. One windy evening I saw an overloaded village boat sink in the middle of the river when several strong horses, becoming excited, fought and kicked one another. Some of the leaf-pickers, with their horses weighed down by heavy bags of leaves, struggled in vain to reach the bank. Screaming and shrieking, they disappeared in the eddying current. Search was made for them with long fishing-nets. Some were never found: they had passed from the earth like flies that had fallen into poisoned water.

Even on rainy days we went to the mulberry groves as usual, with straw bags and bamboo baskets on our backs; for the silkworms had to be fed with conscientious regularity. The *noroshi* was fired whenever the weather forecaster said it would rain. Sometimes at midnight, when the *noroshi* kept on thundering in the villages and scattering columns of violet flames in the sky, an army of the mulberry-raiders, leading their horses,

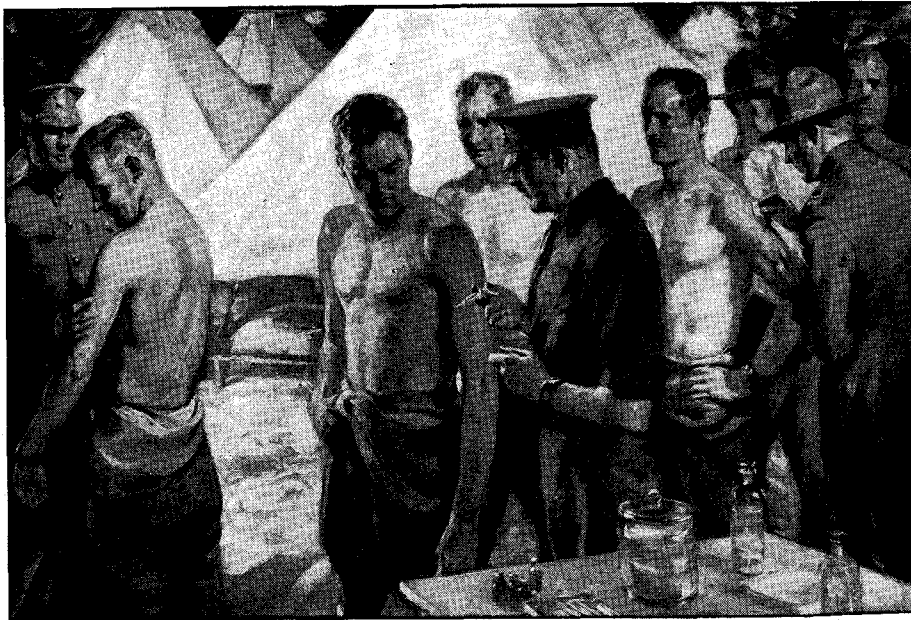


A HEALTHY APPETITE FOR MULBERRY LEAVES

These silkworms are two weeks old. When hatched from the tiny eggs, each wriggler is a minute dark streak no thicker than a hair.

would surge toward the river and wait for the boats until their turn came. Upon their arrival at the groves, they would cut down whole mulberry-trees; for they did not have enough time to pluck leaves. An endless procession of men and horses, with trees on their backs, would move fast toward the villages,

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



This is how they lined up for anti-typhoid inoculation in the training camps during the World War. With 12,000,000 doses of preventive vaccine, army and navy doctors saved the lives of thousands of American boys.

Building the Fortresses of Health

In the Spanish-American War of 1898, typhoid fever caused more deaths than bullets.

Among our 4,000,000 soldiers in the World War—just 20 years later—the number of typhoid cases was negligible.

In the brief period of 20 years between these two wars, medical science had built an impregnable fortress against this devastating disease.

The battle to safeguard your health never ends

Today the fortress against *another* enemy of health—diphtheria—has been so strengthened that medical science can now say to you, "With the wholehearted coöperation of every citizen, the danger of diphtheria can be practically eliminated in a civilized community."

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Unknown to you, an army of devoted men and women are slowly,

surely building for you stronger and ever stronger fortresses of health.

The guns of the defense

When the dread forces of disease threaten your home, your physician calls upon the maker of medicines as a general calls upon his commander of artillery.

For more than 60 years our share in this exacting work—the making of medicines—has given us the privilege of contributing to many important phases of modern medical research. And it has made the name of Parke, Davis & Company a synonym for scientifically tested quality in every product which bears our label.

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The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

under the bank of dark clouds, or sometimes in never-ceasing rain.

Soon after the visit of the priest and the "commencement exercises," the worms began to hunt places to weave their cocoons. At this time Mr. Matsuno was the victim of an accident which might have been serious, but, fortunately, was no more than amusing. He relates the episode:

When it rained hard, the silkworms were fed less than usual; for the worst thing of all for their health would be to give them wet leaves. These worms were delicate and sensitive—quite different from the wild ones in size, color, and habit. We stretched ropes across the kitchen, hung up wet mulberry branches and dried them over the charcoal fire. We often had to eat in the damp kitchen. In the evening, after the rain was over, clouds of mosquitoes came out of the black pools below our yard; a smudge-fire was kept burning to protect the silkworms, and ourselves as well.

When I sat down on the floor, they crawled over my kimono, all except the timid fellows that were not ready. I always treated them kindly, regarding them as the messengers of the god of the silkworm. Those that were ready, stooped eating and ran to and fro, trying to climb somewhere. Their skins became wrinkled about the neck; their backs began to curve a little and to shine with a soft, bright color, indicating that they would deserve their freedom in their own paradise. Most of those in the reception-room came to the edges of the shallow bamboo crates, which were piled up on stands, and crawled over one another by day as well as by night, moving their tiny heads from side to side.

Since we were working hard from early morning till very late, the neighbors' children came to our house and helped us arrange the bundles of rice-straw in long bamboo trays, in which the worms would build their cocoons. The village school, which was under four *samurai* teachers, was closed, and the boys and girls old enough to share the burden of labor aided their parents or neighbors in their work. Before the beginning of *yosan kyugyo* (the special sericultural vacation) the teachers had taught nothing except the surest ways to succeed in raising silkworms and in harvesting the silk crop.

There was no time to lose. We had to put our worms into the bundles of straw before they began to weave their cocoons on the stands or the walls. All day long I carried them with my father's hired men. As I was bearing a heavy basket on my back, some of the worms crawled up on my shoulders. I hurried too much, missed my footing on the stairs just before I reached the attic, and fell down on the straw trays immediately below. A thrill of horror went through my body as the basket was overturned on my head. The silkworms crawled rapidly over my hair, seeking for a place to build their cocoons and raising their gray spinnerets, or silk-holes, which occupied the middle of their lower lips.

"How are the silkworms?" I asked, taking some of them which had begun to raise their spinnerets on my hair.

"They are all right," my mother replied as she saw that I was not hurt. "I am glad they have not spun their silk on your hair."

At the end of the week the bundles of straw were turned to a mass of snow-white cocoons. I was interested to see the silkworms' houses, as they made them for themselves—their own paradise where their true life would lie. They were glad to conceal themselves there, free from suffering, anguish and hopeless fears. In our village the conception of the cocoon was often compared with that of *gokuraku*, Buddha's paradise (which was supposed to be beyond the blue hills of *shaba*, this world), where humanity hides away from the complex problems of life.

Several days after the silkworms had completed their cocoons, they were detached and collected. The villagers then had enough time to rest, and to hold this colorful festival:

In order to honor the god of the silkworm, they performed the usual Shinto ceremony, which appealed to an ancient, simple form of patriotism and to curiosity. They took offerings of rice, money, and cocoons to the Shinto shrine on the bamboo-shrouded hill at the back of my father's house. Strings of colored cocoons, suspended from crimson lanterns, were picturesque beyond description and stimulated our religious feelings. The silkworm-raisers surged through the outer court of the shrine, while the lips of the holy bell sang over and over. Some of the girls, desirous of appearing attractive, carefully dressed their hair in an elaborate style called the butterfly's *hane*, or wings; some wore rich Shosai *shozoku*—costumes in the colors of the morning's rosy veil; and many of them danced in the court, where the

wisteria showed its purple-tipped bloom among the velvety green foliage.

Hundreds of lanterns were lighted after sunset beneath flickering clusters of wisteria, and the outer courts, seen through the quavering bamboo groves, must have presented one of the most gorgeous views in Japan. I was among the best of the flute-players. Beneath the ghostly tint of blue shadow in the shrine I played with several young men the *kagura* music—songs belonging to the theatrical exhibitions held in front of Shinto temples. To the sound of our faintly echoing flutes, soft as trickling water in the Fumoto Spring, I imagined the god of the silkworm dancing amid flakes of gold and silver, with bags of money on his shoulders. The beauty of the music, which gave the silkworm-raisers something tender and emotional in its melody—something inspiring that the human heart craves—brought them peace; they prayed to the god with their hands joined. While some girls danced, singing joyously, the tints of the lanterns wavered among the densely intercrossed blossoms and faded into the soft blue of the night.

Some boys served us rice-cakes, Japanese bean pies, and *omike* (the sacred rice wine). Accustomed to the Shinto ceremony from my childhood through the prayers and music, I enjoyed the feast. It seemed to me a holy sacrament, which meant that we had to become obedient to the god of the silkworm.

After the festival, many silk merchants began to come to the village. We wanted to sell our cocoons if the price was high. But, that summer, since it was low, we thought we ought to spin the cocoons, as far as we could, to add an important part to our family revenue and to see which breed of silkworm was best. Thread was the only standard by which value could be determined, as men's worth is judged by the willing service they render to others. My mother wove *habutae*, and tested it to see which silk was of superior quality.

That summer they bought many spinning-wheels and hired a dozen girls skilled in spinning, we read, continuing.

There was great interest in the new enterprise. All the cocoons except those from which the moths were allowed to emerge, to lay eggs for the next season, must be spun by about the middle of August, when the eggs of autumn silkworms would hatch. The cocoons destined for spinning had been subjected to a dry heat that killed the pupæ, since otherwise the silk would have been injured. I shoveled charcoal into the furnace and tried to keep in the large iron pan on top a sufficient supply of hot water for the unraveling. Since our house was transformed into a spinning-mill, we kept the shining rows of cocoons in the kitchen. We took the kitchen-mats to the garden to sit on them, and in the cool shade of mulberry- and cherry-trees ate our rice with chopsticks from the familiar painted wooden bowls.

The houses visible from the garden were filled with the humming of spindles, and the neighbors often brought over their choice cocoons and thread to compare them with ours. In order to congratulate those who, despite all obstacles, toiled hard to see their hopes realized, my mother held a tea-party for them—a party that to us was an expression of joy. Masses of pink buds, which were beginning to burst into flowers, gave rich hues to the garden, arranged with rocks and trees to represent the Japanese ideal of natural scenery, and pink-throated birds sang among the trees as if to celebrate the wonderful silk crop.

Our spinning-mill was also noisy with girls' happy songs and the pitapat of their sandals on the floor. It was interesting to watch the cocoons in their pans, while the girls with their hands unraveled the tangled thread to find its beginning and with their feet prest the spindles, which were connected to spools. They spun three or four threads into a single thread while the cocoons were being soaked and softened in the pan. Since the girls almost constantly touched the steaming water, the skin of their hands was scalded, and it looked blanched and shrunken. Tho the process of spinning was not hard, to produce thread of better quality was difficult; for success lay in the art of spinning with continuous regularity.

On market-day we took the thread to the village square and showed it to the city merchants, who, unlike the country dealers, encouraged the farmers to raise better worms and get higher prices. They quickly bought all sorts of thread and shipped it out of the country; they must have had a great deal of experience to make such swift decisions. I was thrilled by their conversations as they selected thread, teasing the farmers and bringing wild outbursts of laughter from the spectators. It was an interesting example of *rompo*—the tactful logic of the merchants; for they had to do business with the farmers as in an auction market, to avoid sharp conflict. Amid a scene of bustle and excitement, beneath purple, pink, and rose lanterns, the farmers' wives and children brought their cocoons or thread to exchange for coal-oil, sugar, and other domestic supplies; they shouted together as the merchants bargained about the price, using their weighing-beams.

You're what I call a friend



OLD PIPE, we've pal'd around together for years. You've bucked me up when the other side was getting the breaks. And you've helped me celebrate when we were winning. In return, I've tried to give you a square deal, too. I've bought you the best tobacco I could get—Prince Albert.

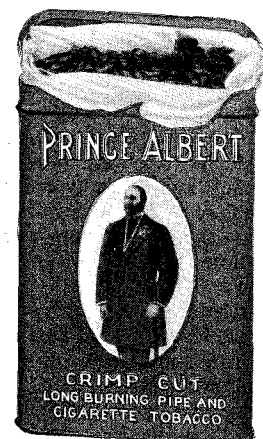
You've never had to produce an alibi, Old Pipe, even when you were new and inexperienced. For Prince Albert has given me everything I want in a smoke. Fragrance . . . an aroma that never fails to thrill as I open the tidy red tin. Mildness . . . a genuine

gentleness that is always kind and considerate.

Between the two of you, I am perfectly satisfied. I have traded experiment for experience. It's all settled. I don't even have to say "P.A.," except when I'm in a strange town. The man knows my brand. And he tells me that the P.A. fans are the great majority. We can understand that, eh?

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



*This tin contains
TWO full ounces of
what every pipe needs.*

BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

THE BUSY WORLD ON THE FACE OF A SUNFLOWER

HAPPY AND READY for a day's work, the laborer arrived at the rich harvest field. But instantly, before he could begin his operations, a savage fate seized him. Sharp fangs bit into him, and he was dead. There was no struggle. The harvester was a beautiful Hunter butterfly, the field the face of a sunflower where he had planned to refresh himself with nectar, the instrument of death a crab spider the yellow of whose body blended with the hue of the flower. As the spider slid about with the captured butterfly, the movements made it appear that the victim was alive, and other butterflies approached. But they soon saw what had happened and fled, and when the spider had finished her meal she returned to her lair. The sunflower grew in the yard of Robert Sparks Walker, who passes on to us in *The Rotarian* (Chicago) his observations of the insect life on one of these plants both by day and by night. The death of the butterfly was an early-morning incident. First the writer had watched at night. His first visit was at nine o'clock in the evening when, he tells us:

I ran across two large house centipedes who had climbed five feet, and each one was crouched on the golden disk, capturing the smaller insects that came there for pollen, or for refuge. This was almost shocking to me, for not until then did I know that a house centipede ever thought of visiting a flower. But even a centipede seems to study the nocturnal habits of its lesser brothers. Three small and one large crab spiders were out

for business, one in each flower. The largest fellow, the color of whose body matched the yellow rays, to make the camouflage more perfect, had drawn a ray across his body and stuck it down with a web. Crab spiders that visit flowers build no silken snares like many of the other species of spiders, but depend on the simulation of colors. Their choicest food consists of moths at night, butterflies during the daytime.

A spotted lady beetle was prowling over the flower, and I found one butterfly asleep in the bloom, but fortunately there was not a crab spider about the one she had chosen for a bed. At least three small bees were found asleep, and subsequent investigation has revealed the sunflower as a favorite place for this little bee to spend the night. He is about half as large as a honey-bee, and curls up into a half ball, propping his body in a crotch between the rays and anthers. It would take a cannon, so it seems, to rouse him from his sleep and cause him to abandon his bed!

A nocturnal robber fly was loitering about a flower, and lace-wing flies were out seeking the lives of smaller creatures. A devil's riding-horse was perched in another flower. Wo unto the moth, or other insect, whose habits take it to the flowers, day or night. Here it seems that death stalks out at night, and every creature who ventures forth risks its own life in the struggle for existence.

Having made a slight acquaintance with the proceedings of the nightly meetings that take place on a sunflower, Mr. Walker was anxious to make a complete record for the daytime, and so the following morning, he took his seat at five o'clock, before there was quite sufficient daylight to enable the human eyes

to function properly. And everything he saw, as in the case of the murder of the butterfly, was not as beautiful as the flower. We continue our reading:

At my right knee was a sun-dial pedestal covered with a wild sweet-potato vine in full bloom. Black bees were constantly dashing into its flowers. Mosquitoes kept me busy buffeting them with my hands; roosters were crowing vociferously to my back, and small chickens could be heard complaining. A golden-banded argiope spider, with her large silken orb, sat quietly with head pointing downward to my right, in the Amoor River hedgerow.

In the large sunflower blossom nearest me was crouched a good-sized crab spider, backed up against a yellow ray, and her yellow color so perfectly blended with that of the flower I could scarcely determine her body's outline. The center of the flower on which she rested bulged like a pincushion, and measured about two and a half inches in diameter. The under-side of this spider's front legs together with the under-side of its thorax was singularly colored, precisely like the color of the center of the flower, dark brown. She was fat and plump, and there was no mystery about it. She sat with her long front legs spread out, and when an insect or nectar-seeking moth or butterfly alighted, it was not aware of landing into the arms of an enemy until too late.

The bundle of florets in the sunflower occupied by the crab spider had dried up and the pollen was dry also. The second flower had not been open long, because the circular rows of stamen-staffs measured only a half-inch wide, leaving a depression in the center like an



By courtesy of *The Rotarian* (Chicago)

THE FLOWER OF TRAGEDIES

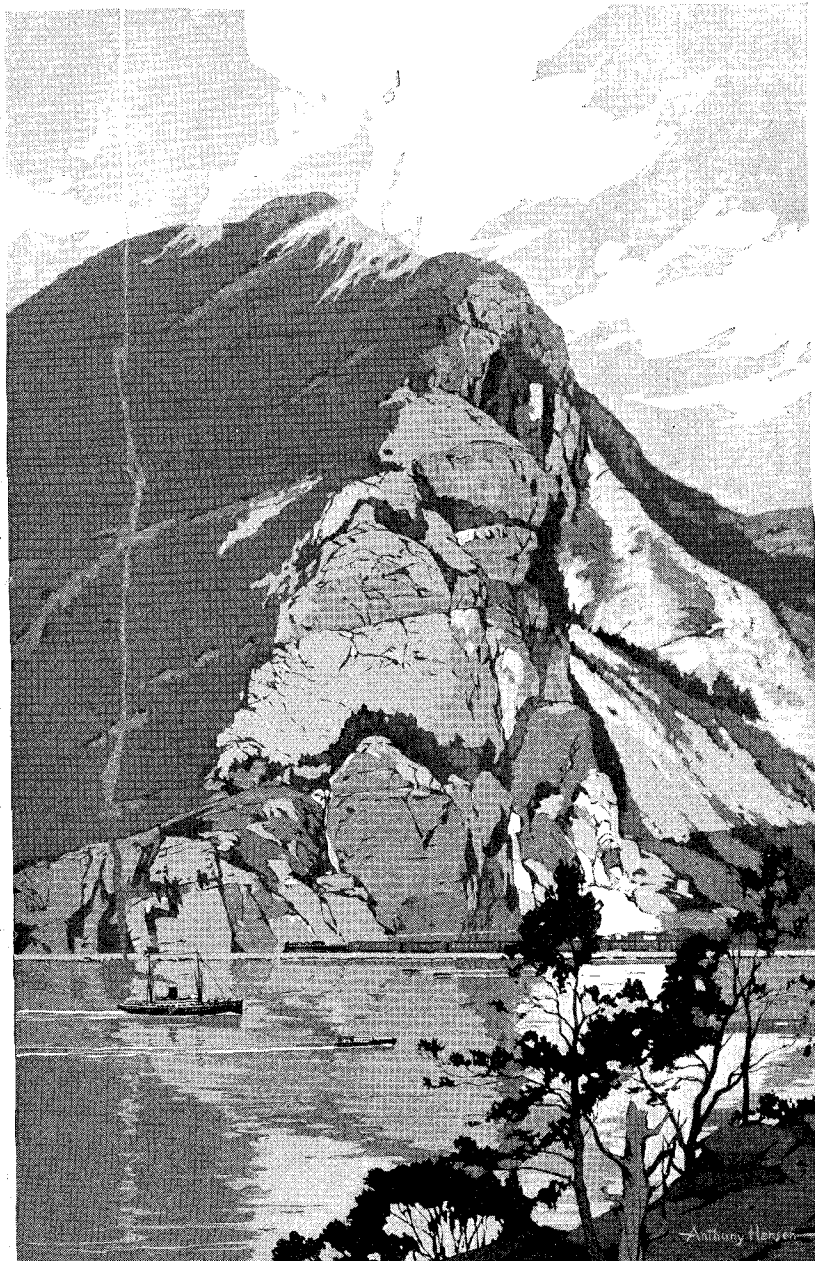
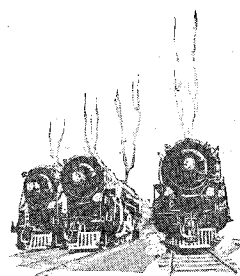
With its diversified visitors, hunters and hunted, this one blossom managed to entertain an observant man for a day and a half.

Indian's discoidal stone. As soon as the yellow rays of a sunflower are spread, the stamen-staffs begin to appear in the circular row, moving slowly toward the center. In the flower with the crab spider were three small measuring worms or loopers, the kind that "loops to conquer." They were so small that they looked like tiny bits of black thread, and as each one crawled over the flower it looked like a lifeless thing moved by an outside force. I forced one into the spider's arms, but the worm leapt into the air, swinging down by an invisible silken thread which stopt it before it struck the ground. Its descent was equal to a man leaping from the top of the Woolworth building to the street below. Soon it began to climb up the web, and shortly was on the flower again, apparently dining on the old pollen grains. What human being has the strength to ascend a rope equal to that of one of these small measuring worms?

At half-past five o'clock, some tiny insects, too small to be identified without a microscope, arrived on the stage and began to make breakfast food out of the dainty pollen grains. At seven o'clock came a caterpillar one-inch long, whose strong legs slipped between two rich rays, and in the twinkling of an eye, the unfortunate fellow was hauled to the back side of the flower, and his juicy body bitten into as a boy sinks his teeth into a ripe apple. A devil's riding horse was hiding on the green calyx-carpet, and was keeping his keen eyes between the rays, and his feet were ready to grab the first visitor that came in reach, whether a butterfly or caterpillar. At the same time, honey-bees began to arrive and kept coming throughout the day. In fact, the sunflower seems to be a favorite with honey-bees.

There were four species of bees who came visiting constantly

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

during the day, we learn, and of these Mr. Walker gives us his observations:

The common honey-bee was the most frequent caller, and there also came a large black bee who folded his dark wings over his abdomen while he filled the leg baskets to overflowing with golden grains of pollen. A bee somewhat smaller than a honey-bee, with a deep green thorax, and who could swear profoundly when he was interrupted in his work, flew about collecting pollen, and shooting up the earth like the old-time Western bully in the days of the disreputable saloon. This fellow worked with twice as much vim as any of the other species of bees. Then there was a vest-pocket edition of the honey-bee who let night overtake him on the flower he loved so well, and there he rested. When morning came, he had no street-car to catch and no automobile to crank before he could get to his work.

By ten o'clock, I found an average of one bee visitor was coming every thirty seconds, but very few butterflies. The Buckeye butterfly was seen at almost all times hovering about over the grass, and those that passed by did not alight on the sunflower. A cloudless sulfur alighted, got a bite of something, and then rushed away in great haste as if she heard her train leaving.

A number of white butterflies stooped a moment, but none seemed to care for food. An acorn weevil came and walked about gracefully over the flower as if he were leaving instructions to his foreman as to how he wished the work carried on during the remainder of the day. His long snout made him a grotesque figure.

A leaf hopper arrived at eleven o'clock and slid about over the flower, dodging my magnifying glass as skilfully as a woodpecker hides behind a telegraph pole.

As the day wore along, and the sunshine became more intense, the bees and butterflies were doubly active and arrived almost every moment. Sometimes two honey-bees were observed collecting pollen simultaneously on the same flower. Often a bee came with pollen strewn all over his body, head and legs! Frequently, in moving about, when a honey-bee was ready to depart, his head was completely covered with the yellow pollen, and it was amusing to witness how he brushed it from his face that he might be able to see clearly. It was easy to thus locate his eyes, for the pollen annoyed him as much as the snow or rain dims the windshield of your automobile.

Shortly after noon, a sudden downpour of rain drove the winged insects to shelter. The crab spider sought protection by backing under a green sepal that was so shaped that it fit her body as if it had been cut out from a pattern for the purpose. She knew all about the flower on which she had spent the most of the summer. When the rain ceased, the bees and butterflies returned, but there were three times as many bee visitors as butterflies. A female ruby-throated humming-bird's motor hummed about a sunflower, and she probed for nectar, but for some reason received not enough encouragement to interest her.

And thus the day was spent, and when the curtains were drawn, my sheets showed that 659 visitors had come to my sunflower.

Did I shudder at what seemed to be cruelty when the crab spider captured a

butterfly? Not at all. I was guilty, for had I not enjoyed baked chicken for dinner! She simply took hers uncooked!

The spider is a good sportswoman and a lady. During the day, she took only one butterfly, altho she had opportunities to capture a half-dozen or more. In three hours she had dined, and since her appetite had been satisfied for the day, she let the remainder of the wild game go unmolested!

Mr. Walker tells us something about the sunflower itself, as well as about its visitors. For instance, he says, somewhat disillusioningly:

To the average person a sunflower is simply a large golden disk, with a yellow or dark center, which bedecks the outdoors in summertime, and carries with it the traditional story of a habit of keeping its face constantly turned toward the sun.

The majority of people seem willing to accept the story, whether true or partially true, but I have yet to grow my first sunflower which, tho dependent on sunlight, was so foolishly fond of it as to keep its flower moving first east, then west, in tracking the sun in its course. I have made repeated observations to prove to my own satisfaction the truth or falsity of this old story. In a plot of ground containing an even 46 sunflowers growing on 20 plants, 25 of them were facing east, 11 north, 2 west, 4 northeast, 4 southeast. In another plot containing 20 blossoms, 11 were turned to the east, 4 west, 2 north, 3 south. A single plant, growing in an isolated place with a two-story house standing between it and the west, contained 7 blossoms, 5 of which were facing east, and 2 north.

FIGHTING TO SAVE YOSEMITE'S TREES

THE majestic trees of the Yosemite National Park were a thrilling sight to the half-million tourists who, we are told, visited it last season. But how many, we are asked by *Nature Magazine*, published by the American Nature Association, "realized that part of the beautiful forest extending along the highway between El Capitan and Sentinel Rock is not public property at all, but a private holding which might be exploited for hot-dog stands and other undesirable developments? Within the boundaries of Yosemite Park are no less than 11,000 acres of privately owned lands, belonging largely to California lumber companies." The danger of the cutting down of trees on this land is alluded to. Agreements between the lumber interests and the forest service have regulated this. But now a new danger is in prospect, we read in a *New York Times* editorial, which says:

The two lumber companies which had agreed not to operate in the park during the coming year have, it is now reported, given options to a third lumber company which plans to begin cutting immediately. Unless this plan is checked the trees which it had been hoped would be saved will be felled, and this section of the Yosemite Park ruined.

Already the people of California, heeding a nation-wide demand that the Yosemite forests be saved, are endeavoring to do their bit to help. The Sierra Club, which contains among its members many of the leading men of the State, not only is taking the

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In such a vital matter as the care of the teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

lead in the fight, but is in communication with the Secretary of Agriculture in the hope of inducing him to alter the policy of the Forestry Bureau so as to facilitate an exchange of lands between the two government services (the other being the National Park Service). Unfortunately, the Forestry Bureau is torn between its desire to save the nation's forests and the demands of the local communities to produce revenues for schools and roads. So strong is the political pressure that it hesitates to withdraw lands which, if lumbered, would yield an income of which a quarter would be paid to the county authorities. This has brought upon the Forestry Service the charge that it is more interested in making money than in saving trees.

Then *Nature Magazine's* appeal, from the pen of its editor, Arthur Newton Pack, is continued. We read a review of the Yosemite situation:

Every one knows of the various attacks made upon the boundaries of our parks— attempts to obtain commercial exploitation of valuable water rights, timber, et cetera. For the most part the public has been awakened in time, and the parks have been saved. Why was not this situation in regard to the Yosemite made clear before? Why was not Congress urged to buy these private lands years ago before many areas were logged; before the beautiful Tuolumne and Merced groves of big trees were left isolated amid miles of logging slash? A few men who fought to interest the public know, or guess. Those who are now just coming into the fight are inclined to blame the chief of the Park Service and the National Parks Association. They do not know how hard the struggle was to win for the National Parks such help and recognition from the press as has been obtained. They fail to realize that Congress, busy with a thousand ideas, can act only as the result of concerted and united public opinion. This we do know. The National Park Service, a bureau of the Department of the Interior, tried to get support for purchasing those private lands in the Yosemite. It tried, failed, and decided that the only hope lay in compromise. Such a compromise was arranged—a moving of the park boundary line on the west side, thus throwing out of the park some thirteen thousand acres of public land and much private land. This public land removed from the park would be given to the private owners—the lumbermen—in exchange for a valuable parcel of timber, seven thousand acres, known as the Cottonwood Grove and desirable for public land. Both the Merced and Tuolumne groves of big trees would thus be excluded from the park, but would be separately protected as National Monuments, and the public land given to the lumbermen would be logged only according to the restrictive regulations of the Forest Service. Nevertheless, as accessibility to logging railways and cost of lumbering, and so forth, entered into the figuring, it appeared that the park would lose 13,000 acres for 7,000 gained. The deal was judged fair from the lumbering view-point.

Fortunately, something happened. The Yosemite Lumber Company announced in February that for financial reasons its operations within the park would be suspended.

WHY THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS COME EVERY YEAR

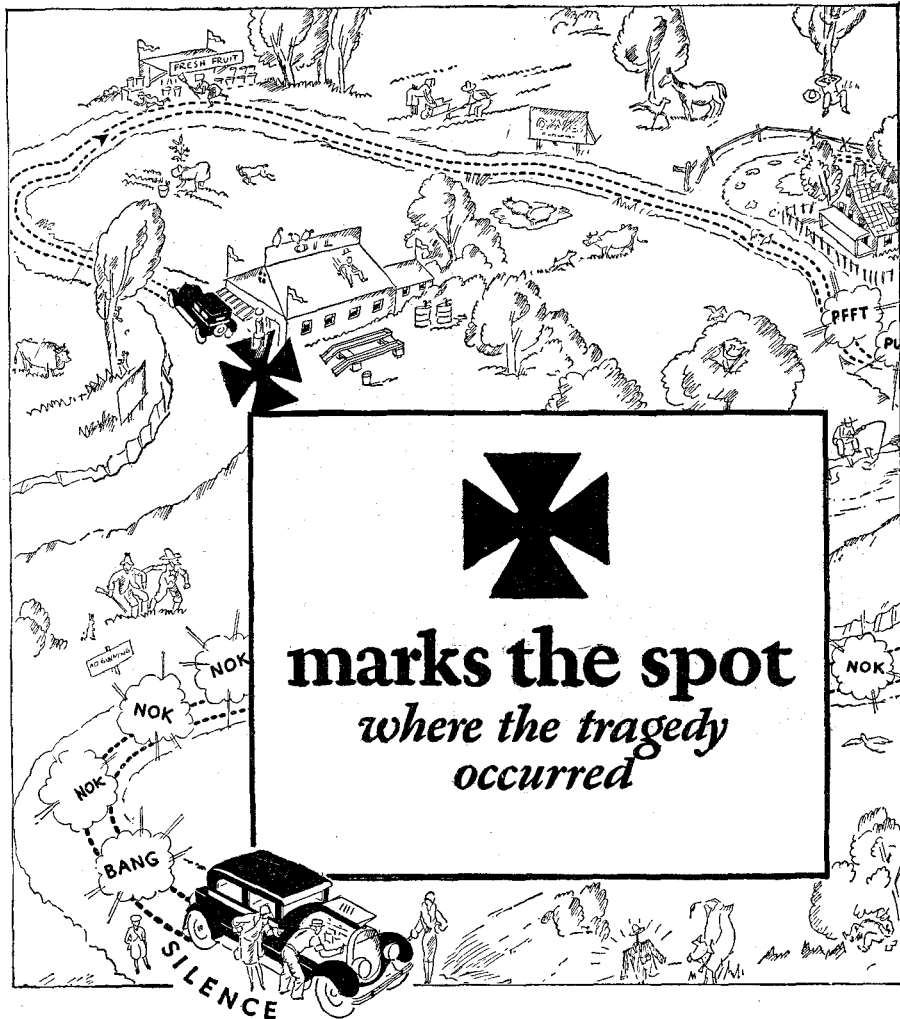
A WEIRD sound, harsh and obdurate, shattered the peace of the city of Batangas, on the island of Luzon in the Philippines. All at once, Edna MacDonald Serrem, who had come out of her house to investigate the noise, realized that there were figures along the roadside wielding branches with a flail-like movement. Then a second noise, a buzzing, rushed over the land, while the first sound continued. "Horrors! Locusts!" exclaims Mrs. Serrem, recognizing the second sound, altho the first still mystifies her, as she continues her account of the visitation in *Asia*:

Uncountable billions of greenish, brownish grasshoppers, hopping and swirling overhead, underfoot, everywhere around, until the air is suddenly breathless with their bewildering numbers. Crunch! Crunch! As I step forward, I find myself tramping upon the bodies of hordes of them, living and dead. I have become, to my surprize, the beholder of a phenomenon I have hitherto merely heard about—the swarming of the locusts. I would give much to be safe on my veranda once more, altho it, too, must be teeming with these winged hosts.

My mind at once flings back to Biblical references. "The plague of locusts." They devastated this land. They will devastate this land, also, this lovely land of a million leaves. I recoil at the thought. But, fearful as I am of being touched by the insects, my curiosity is stronger than my distaste. I must pursue that call, which, now that it comes nearer, sounds more strange and depressing than I can describe. With my parasol—upon the taut linen of which the locusts thud like hailstones—held before me as a shield, I press forward.

Now I understand the intent look in the faces of the passers-by. The figures along the roadside are engaged in beating the life out of the thieves come to strip them of their sustenance. Will these thieves rob the people of all their wealth? I stop to question a man whose appearance encourages me to hope for some information. Yes, if the people can not drive them off, the fields will be bare by to-morrow morning, he says, with the resignation I have come to accept as no less a part of the Filipinos than is the air they breathe.

Gesticulating freely, he further tells me in his broken English, raising his voice so that he can be heard above the din and the whir, that this onslaught of the locusts is a not infrequent experience for his people. It is dreaded, and measures are taken against it, with varying success. The disaster comes with the mating-time of the locusts: it is a love-feast for them, but it strips the country. He asks me whether I have any idea what sorrow it means to go to sleep at night under one's budding papaya-trees, and wake in the morning to see them torn to pieces, their fruit, for which there is an excellent market, nipt and set back for months. Unhappily, indeed, the blight falls upon many of the fruit-trees as well as the flowering shrubs and shade-trees. Sometimes the mangoes and the bananas escape with but small injury, since their leaves are harder than some others. But the fire-trees, the locust-trees, the bamboos, and all the vines are quickly denuded, and the rice-fields are often destroyed down to the surface of



NOTE CAREFULLY THAT THE SPOT MARKED "X" is not where the car broke down. No, "X" marks the spot where the real tragedy occurred—at a filling station.

The victim was an innocent motorist—innocent of the fact that all motor oils are not alike. He did not ask by name for an oil of known merit. And as so often happens, he got an unknown "bootleg" oil that should never have been permitted to enter the crank-case of any car. A few hundred miles further on the inevitable happened. The poisoned motor went bad. Result: a trip to the repair shop—a staggering bill—a car that will never be as good as it was. This crime will be re-enacted thousands of times this summer. Many innocent, or thoughtless, motorists will suffer. Don't be one of them!

2,100,000 motorists protect themselves by always demanding Pure Pennsylvania Oil!

PURE PENNSYLVANIA has qualities no other oil possesses. Qualities that Nature granted to this one oil, and to no other. Qualities supremely desirable in a motor lubricant, especially in this day of high-speed, or high-compression motors. Qualities like these . . .

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That's why, under normal conditions, Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives at least 1,000 miles to a filling—and of course, much greater mileage with an oil filter. That's why experts call this oil "The highest grade oil in the world!"

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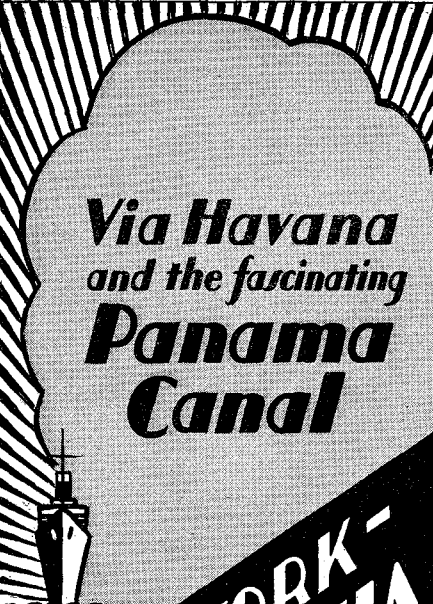
Go to the dealer near you who displays this emblem. Order any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crank-case drained and filled with this oil. Then listen to your motor—how smoothly it hums! Maintain the oil level of course. But you will not need to drain again for at least 1,000 perfect, purring miles!



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

the water. Even the breadfruit-trees are robbed of their scant foliage, and their big sponges of fruit riddled into mush by the greedy locusts.

"But what do the people do to defend themselves against this scourge?" I ask.

My voluble informant exhibits as much amazement as a Filipino ever allows himself to express. "A-a-ai!" he exclaims, his slightly oblique dark brown eyes staring at me in commiseration. "Is it possible that the señora does not know? Can she not hear the warning?"

"What!" I answer. "Is that what all this noise is for?"

"Si, si. Of course. Of course. Also the *maquina* is not far away. Would the señora care to walk a little distance to see how it works?" After a second's hesitancy, I gladly accept this invitation. For what else, indeed, have I ventured forth from my veranda except to try to discover the cause of tumult enough to wake the dead?

A few rods farther along the road, at a point almost diagonal from a sharp bend, some jabbering people are gathered in a cleared plot amid the trees. Mrs. Serrem follows the path toward them and halts at one side to watch the strange contraption which produces the first noise, and of which she tells us:

In the middle of the clearing stands a scaffold made of bamboo. Wide at the base, it reaches to fifteen or twenty feet in height and narrows into a towerlike point. At the center of a bamboo cross-beam, swung at this apex, hangs a heavy bamboo tube, perforated like a whistle; and, when the tightly fitting tube of bamboo which has been inserted inside is pulled up and down, the *maquina* sends out those two noises—a sirenlike shriek and a harsh, throbbing reverberation as the two tubes rub against each other.

A banshee-cry sweeps out across the land. I shudder. With every drag, willing brown hands beneath the structure give to the plaited, twisted palm strands which form the two cords dangling from the interior of the tube, the leafy stillness is shattered. Not even hard-shelled, hard-hearted locusts can endure this frightful noise, I am certain; and so I am assured by the smiling manipulators of the two cords. It is indeed sad, they say, that the locusts should come. But they can not stay long. They find very disagreeable this splendid uproar, and rush away from it, perhaps to fall into the ocean. *Si, si!* It is well, I agree, that such a method of driving them away has been invented by the Filipinos, and I rejoice with them that their beautiful fields may escape with but slight damage. In our ears, as we talk, echoes that dreadful clamor.

Dusk has settled thickly along the coral road as I walk back to my dwelling. I know I am returning with a better understanding of the people of the Philippines and a greater admiration for their patience and courage. Yet I dread what I may see on the morrow. I have heard monstrous things of the locusts. I have heard that, when they swarm as they now are swarming, vast expanses of leafy groves and wooded plains are laid bare; whole forests of trees are stripped and left gaunt and shrunken in a few hours. Will my waving ocean of leaves be a wilderness? Must



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the people of this district lose all their harvest? Is defeat the inevitable outcome of the contest with nature?

No, that droning din is successful; it does drive away the locusts. I believe the Filipinos themselves do not know how the bamboo *maquina* originated: they could not tell me where or when it first appeared among them. But the noise it makes does save the abundance of leafy growth; for, even if some of the insects come to earth, the number is greatly lessened. Tho the tubes and cords produce no other effect than noise, the locusts want to get away from the howling racket. In the districts where they hear it, they rush on, sometimes near the earth, sometimes high in the air, and hesitate to alight on the fields below. They fly to the fields of neighboring provinces, perhaps, if the people there do not oppose them, or, more frequently, into the sea. Sometimes they actually make long sea trips and perpetuate themselves in lands far across the water, but usually they perish.

In the meantime, a plague of our own seventeen-year locusts is reported from New Jersey, which leads *The Outlook* to observe that it must seem odd to some people that the newspapers can report a new crop every year. *The Outlook* explains the seeming paradox thus:

The newspapers are about right. The secret of the paradox is this: tho the locusts require seventeen years for their life cycle, there is a different brood for every year, and each brood has its own bailiwick.

Entomologists have the seventeen broods all numbered by classes, like French boys coming up annually for their period of army service. This year's class is Brood II, occupying a thickly populated section in the east.

To complicate the situation, there is also a thirteen-year locust. Queerly enough, there are thirteen broods of the thirteen-year tribe, as there are seventeen broods of the seventeen-year tribe. These broods, too, are numbered.

Why some broods should have a seventeen-year, and some a thirteen-year cycle, entomologists have not clearly determined. Most of the seventeen-year broods occupy northern territory and most of the thirteen-year broods southern territory. But the two largest broods, one of each tribe, overlap throughout a wide area. It was the coincidence of the emergence of these two broods—a thing which can occur only once in several centuries—that brought the devastating locust hordes to the mid-section of the United States in the 'seventies. Tales of that year's destruction are partially responsible for the fear with which the insect is regarded. In an ordinary emergence periodical cicadas (the real name of this insect) do little permanent damage.

There are those who insist that seventeen-year locusts appear at the same place every year. This is due to a confusion of the periodical cicada with the *Cicada tibicen*, or harvest fly. It is this latter cicada, a larger and more showy insect than the seventeen-year and thirteen-year kinds, which we all know for its reaping song in midsummer. *Tibicen* has a two-year life cycle.

The periodical cicada spends all but about five weeks of its life under ground. For something more than sixteen years it sucks its food from roots. Then it goes into the cocoon stage, and the next May or June emerges as an adult fly, mating and laying eggs before it dies.

BOONVILLE'S RED LETTER DAY TUESDAY, JULY 28

Will be a big day in Boonville!
On that day the people will celebrate
Turning on of Water
From Lake Drain

The time for the celebration has been set at 4 to 6 p. m. Tuesday. The turning on of the water will be an elaborate affair. No loyal Boonville citizen should miss this. Everybody invited. OLD MAN WATER SHORTAGE will be buried deep for evermore.

Everybody on the public square at 3:45 o'clock. Bring your car out. Invite your friends. We need extra cars and trucks to carry the people who do not have cars. Get in the parade to be formed on the public square and drive to the scene of action. THE BOONVILLE BAND will be on hand to add to the gayety of the day. The stores will be closed from 4 to 6 o'clock.

The big valve will be opened in the presence of the crowd. The speeches will be short. A surprise stunt is being arranged for you.

Doc Traylor has been designated as Grand Marshal and he will be assisted by Chief Finch and other aides in forming the parade.

Be on the Public Square at 3:45 Prepared to Go with the Crowd!

L. L. ROTH, K. H. WEYERBACHER, F. W. TRAYLOR, Committee

Just cause for any city to rejoice— an Adequate Water Supply!

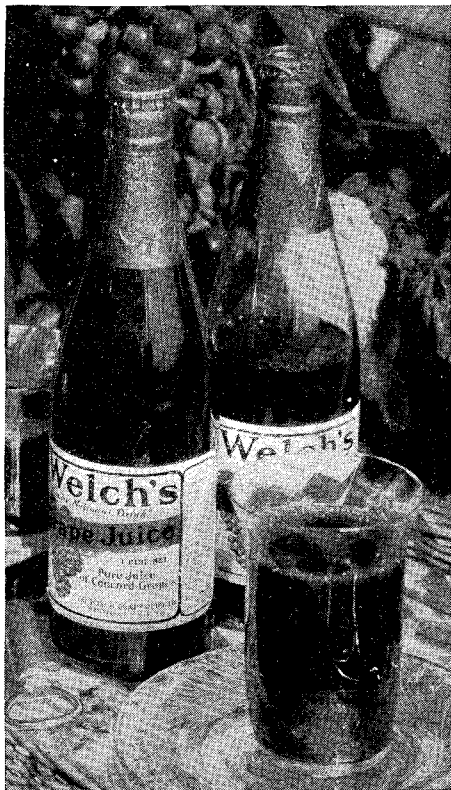
NO WONDER this live and growing Indiana city celebrated! When Boonville's present up-to-date water system was installed, just three years ago, the city was facing a serious water shortage. The water supply was almost gone!

Today, Boonville is served by an abundance of pure, clean water brought direct for seven miles through cast iron pipe. As a city official said, "We shall have a cleaner city. Boonville can build a great city in the future in an industrial way."

Cast iron pipe was used to provide an adequate water

supply for the residents of Boonville. They will never be faced with the expense of replacing this line. For Cast Iron Pipe is *permanent* pipe. Once installed it can be forgotten. *There is no case on record in which it has failed under usual service conditions!* That's a fact of interest to any tax payer, city official or engineer. For other important facts about Cast Iron Pipe, and valuable information in regard to water supply systems, address: Thomas F. Wolfe, Engineer, Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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Only the very finest Concord grapes in each year's vintage are pressed for Welch's. That is why it tastes so much better than any other grape juice, whether you drink it straight, blended or diluted.

It's a fine fruit juice for children, and, luckily, they like it as well as grown ups. Recipes, including the always-popular Welch Punch, are printed on every label.

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WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's
no other grape juice will do

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

WILD LIFE VERSUS CIVILIZATION

THE statement frequently made that the advance of material development is inconsistent with the preservation of wild life is opposed by a writer in *Missouri Game and Fish News* (Jefferson City). People of this persuasion, he says, would have us believe that the present civilization in America can not successfully cope with the increasing number of hunters and anglers, and that all the game laws conceivable will prove abortive. He proceeds:

We are convinced from observation that a program of conservation which includes an intelligently conducted system of propagation, coupled with enforcement of the game laws, generally gives gratifying results. Twenty-five years ago there were a few deer in Pennsylvania, but they were largely in Pike county. To-day, as an outcome of systematic propagation and protection, and through the same brand of auxiliary game refuges recently adopted by Missouri, Pennsylvania has so many deer scattered throughout its domains that they are destroying crops and becoming a nuisance. So numerous have they become that the law now permits the killing of doe at certain times in certain counties. With thousands of sportsmen hunting deer to-day as against a few score twenty years ago, it would seem that those who argue against the potentiality of game laws would be up in the air. Over 12,000 deer were legally killed in Pennsylvania in 1926, and there are more deer there to-day than there were before.

"Civilization in America is at its oldest in Pennsylvania, and yet it is hard to believe that her forests contained less deer in the days of William Penn than are there to-day. Conservation is responsible for this condition of affairs.

Deer are again increasing in Missouri, due to a thorough and careful system of propagation and protection and the enforcement of the law against killing them until 1930, at least. In one or two sections farmers have reported them damaging crops. Is this an argument for or against game laws as successful producers of game?

When civilization comes along, and the farmer transforms the wilderness into fields of growing grain, he makes it possible for the quail and other bird life to feed and live and propagate its kind. The cultivation of the ground seems also to come as a welcome thing to the rabbit, and there is no denying the fact that the cotton-tail has a predilection for the thickets and brambles produced by the settler's cutting the large timber. Incidentally, it is in such places as these that he obtains natural protection against his enemies, the hawk, owl, skunk, etc. The clover field is a Mekka for the rabbit.

The older countries, especially England and Scotland, with their centuries of civilization with which hunting has gone hand in hand (for there are no greater sportsmen than the English) by the exercise of painstaking judgment and the enforcement of game laws, are to-day telling us that they have more game and fish than ever before, and conditions in our own Eastern States bear out this argument. Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York are standing proof of the

efficiency of game-and-fish legislation as related to the desired conservation and increase of wild life. These States were settled long before Missouri became a State, and to-day can honestly boast of satisfactory conditions in this respect. Over 7,000 antlered deer were legally killed in New York State during 1927.

Material development does not necessarily imply pollution of our streams, which has killed more fish and destroyed the feeding grounds of more fish than any other single cause. Such a disregard for the health of the people, and such a wilful destruction of fish life, is a reflection upon the material development of a civilized country and not necessarily a part of it. Stream pollution displays either selfishness or ignorance. Least of all is it a concomitant to the advance of civilization and consequent "material development."

People who argue the other way seem to ignore the fact that predatory animals are an enormous factor in game depletion, and that civilization has not as yet been able to exterminate them. Assuredly these enemies to our young turkey, our quail, squirrels, etc., are not coordinate with "material development," nor should their activities be laid at its door.

A public opinion awakened to the necessity of game-and-fish law enforcement, is the key-note to the desired condition. When the sympathy and cooperation of the general public is with those to whom the work of increasing our wild life is delegated, the results are immediate. This is exactly what is happening in Missouri.

ANTS EAT LADY-BIRD ARMY

A SPECIES of ant that lives in the coffee-growing regions of East Africa has come to the defense of another insect, defeating enemies brought in by mankind from overseas. This is described in a recent report of the British colonial entomologists employed to protect the coffee industry, we are told in Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). We read:

For some time that industry has been threatened by an insect called the coffee mealy-bug. To combat this bug the entomologists imported a small army of the California lady-bird, an insect now quite at home in the southern portions of Africa. The foreign legion of lady-birds began promptly to eat the mealy-bugs on the coffee-plants, but the feast was soon interrupted. Armies of the ants of the country advanced to the aid of the mealy-bugs, and promptly ate up the foreign lady-birds. The well-known ant "cows," tiny insects that ants keep and care for in order to obtain the sweet liquid which these insects secrete, belong to the same insect group as the coffee mealy-bug. Possibly the East African ants recognized this similarity, and came to the aid of what they believed to be their domestic cattle. More probably the ants merely saw in the imported lady-birds a tasty variety of food. Whatever the ants' intentions, the human entomologists who staged this insect comedy must now seek some way of defeating the ants before they can hope to use lady-bird armies to keep the mealy-bugs off the coffee-plants.

Fatal Nap.—POLICEMAN—"How did the accident happen?"

MOTORIST—"My wife fell asleep in the back seat."—*Everybody's Weekly*.

PACKARD IDENTITY WILL ENDURE

RECENTLY there has been a great deal of discussion in the press regarding combinations and mergers of motor car companies. Most of these rumors and newspaper articles have mentioned Packard as one of the companies to be combined or merged.

Our position has been and is, that we will not merge or consolidate with anyone. We have made our own way from the beginning. We have created a position for ourselves and a reputation that is distinctive and unique. We do not intend to surrender either.

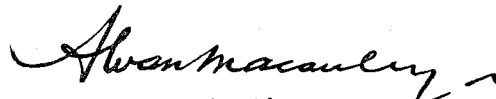
The personnel of the company from the beginning was made up of men who knew and loved fine things, mechanically and artistically. So the company was born to occupy the fine car field. Its reputation has been made in this field, so it is natural that we should feel that we can serve the public best by confining our efforts and development to it.

The history of fine things throughout the world shows that they are produced by men and organizations that have no other thought, no other ambition, and no other ideals.

We do not build to a price and we do not cater to the world. Our clientele knows us well and we know them. They are discriminating and we try never to lose sight of that fact. We know that the single standard of high quality will produce better motor cars than were we to attempt to secure the business of the world by building to all the pocketbooks in it. The public has appreciated our single standard of quality ideals and we shall stick to them.

We are not opposed to expansion. On the contrary, we realize its advantages. We shall continue to seek expansion as the merit of our product, the improvement of our facilities, and our service to the public may warrant. We may even from time to time expand by the absorption of other desirable companies. We will expand in any way that will enable us to best serve the public and win its favor.

But, very definitely, we do not intend to lose our identity through any merger, combination, or consolidation, now or hereafter.


President

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION Continued

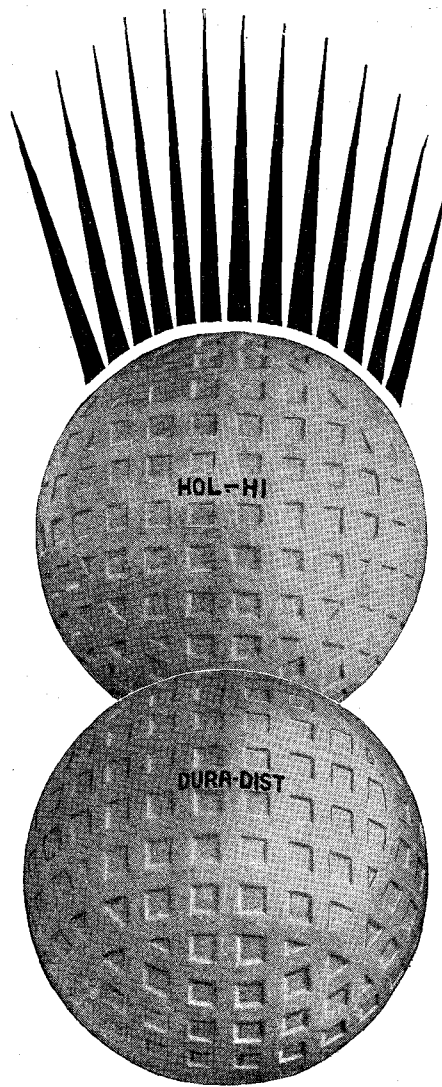
SPEECH SCRAMBLED AND UNSCRAMBLED

STRANGE languages synthetically manufactured, and spoken by no human beings, issued from the horns of the loud-speakers in the United Engineering Auditorium, New York City, during a recent talk and demonstration by Sergius P. Grace, General Commercial Engineer of the Bell Telephone Laboratories before the New York Electrical Society. Mr. Grace explained that in connection with radio-transmission systems designed to make radio conversations secret, there had been developed methods of inverting and distorting the natural speech frequencies, or tones, so as to make the transmitted speech unintelligible until reconverted into the ordinary variety. We read in a press report of the occasion issued by the society:

Mr. Grace had with him phonographic records of such inverted speech in which the natural high frequencies had been transformed into low frequencies, and vice versa. When a record of this kind was played by Mr. Grace on a phonograph there issued from the horn a form of synthetic speech which was absolutely unintelligible to the audience, but in which there were retained, nevertheless, all the original frequencies, or tones, in the voice of the person making the record, but with these frequencies reversed.

The resulting language was something like an imaginary mixture of English, French, Chinese, Siamese, and a few other languages thrown in for good measure. If we had been accustomed from childhood to such a language, we would understand it, Mr. Grace said. Then Mr. Grace startled his audience when he told them he had brought with him from the laboratories a machine with "electrical ears" and an "electrical brain," which could understand this unintelligible gibberish and re-transform it into its original language. The audience of a thousand members of the New York Electrical Society and invited guests waited in suspense while he proceeded to demonstrate this modern Babel translator. While the unintelligible speech was issuing from the phonograph, Mr. Grace held in front of the horn an electrical pick-up transmitter similar to the transmitters used in radio broadcasting studios. The electrical current from this transmitter was carried into the "electrical translating brain," then amplified and connected with the loud-speakers of the public-address system which had been installed in the auditorium.

Immediately, these loud-speaking horns burst forth at a volume several times louder than the phonograph, with the original speech in English, and clearly understandable by the audience. Whenever Mr. Grace would move the pick-up transmitter, or "electrical ear," away from the phonograph, the sound from the loud-speakers would cease and the audience would again hear the unintelligible gibberish issuing from the phonograph. Curiously enough, altho at all times the synthetic speech was being transmitted into the room, whenever the loud-speakers connected with the electrical translation system were in operation, the translated



A Color for every Condition of the Course

The new Oriole-Orange, Canary-Yellow, and Flaming-Flamingo give you a range of colors which rivet the eye to the ball under every playing condition. Play one of these Wilson golf balls and you will be amazed how easy it is to follow the first rule of golf; namely, "keep your eye on the ball." Color improves your shots and means fewer lost golf balls.

But remember that while color has focused attention upon the Hol-Hi and Dura-Dist, quality has backed it up with real performance. Color alone could not explain the tremendous hit these splendid balls have made with the golfing public.

HOL-HI—the toughest distance ball ever made. \$1 each, \$10.75 per doz. **DURA-DIST**—guaranteed for 72 holes of excellent performance, 75c each, \$9 per doz. They are also available in white.

ASK YOUR PRO OR DEALER

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
New York - Chicago - San Francisco

speech sounds overrode entirely the phonograph gibberish. Thus we have added to the marvels of science an electrical machine that can understand a language unintelligible to ordinary human beings.

To demonstrate his ability to speak some of this new synthetic language, Mr. Grace himself spoke into the transmitter the cryptic words "Play-a-fine Crink-a-nope," which, after translation by the machine, came out of the loud-speakers as "Telephone Company." In this way, Mr. Grace pointed out, it would be possible to build up a new language from an old one, with the individual words inverted so as normally to be not understandable.

ANTS AS FOREST POLICE

CERTAIN ants acting as allies of man, police the forest by destroying numerous pests that are harmful to vegetation. The *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) states that Forel, the distinguished authority on ants, estimates that a large colony of red ants destroys during the summer months no less than 40,000 insects daily, or about 5,000,000 during the season of their activity. Staeger, on the other hand, put the number at 1,920 per nest daily, which is only 192,000 during the summer. The discrepancy is thus explained:

The former estimate was based upon exceptionally favorable circumstances, the latter upon an actual count in highly unfavorable conditions—namely, in a nest situated at the upper limit of an Alpine forest growing at an altitude of 2,000 feet. But presumably many of the insects counted here were already dead before being dragged into the nest, while many more were wasps, which are useful.

Quite recently a systematic count and careful study of the matter has been accomplished in several tracts of woodland in Hesse, in the Oberpfalz, and in the Hochgebirg. The investigators, Dr. Eidmann and Mr. B. Rock, discovered many facts of importance. We read:

While the visible nest is only three feet in height and six feet wide, the underground portion of the nest is about twenty-five feet in diameter, and the colony numbers at least 400,000 ants. The active bringing-in of insects was started soon after the population of the nest began to increase in the last third of May. This activity was greatest about the beginning of July. In the course of an hour a single observer counted an average of 200 insects carried in during a single circuit of the nests. Dr. Eidmann estimates this number to be only one-tenth of all the insects taken into the nest during an hour's time. He makes the further estimate that in a summer having only 1,000 working hours, about two million insects would be captured. This figure is not excessive, for if each ant in a colony of 400,000 brought in only six insects it would amount to 2,400,000.

But more important than the numbers is the determination of the species thus destroyed. Says the writer:

According to an exact count, 42 per cent. of the collections from April to July, at fourteen different times of day, and in various kinds of weather, consisted of forest pests.

This ONE Critical Mistake..

costs motorists millions every year



"THAT'S YOUR OWN FAULT," says the repair man. "If you don't keep tires properly inflated, you can't expect them to last very long."

It ruins their tires in a few short months . . . causes premature tread wear, fabric ruptures, rim cuts and other costly injuries

IT is now definitely known that 80 per cent of all premature tire failures are traceable to improper inflation.

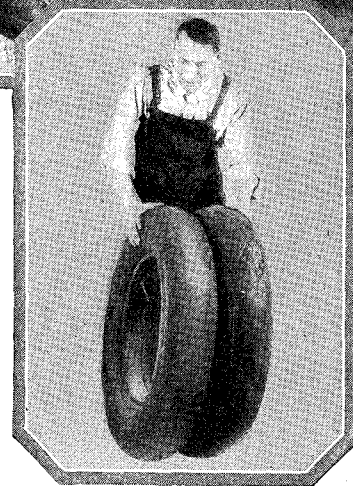
And yet improper inflation can be avoided easily if three simple precautions are taken:

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape



JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both tires have been run 4,000 miles. One is ruined, the other almost as good as new. This advertisement tells why.

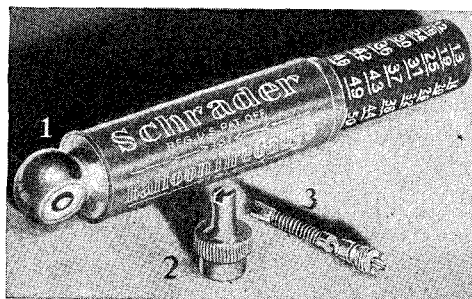
of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be replaced conveniently.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the genuine Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

Then be sure this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Write for valuable booklet, "The Air You Ride On." A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844. (Tire Valves . . . Tire Gauges.)



- 1 The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure their tires are kept at proper pressures.
- 2 This Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five 25c
- 3 Change your valve insides once a year. Makes sure you have the genuine Schrader. Box of five . . .25c

INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

A NEW RULER FOR RUBBER

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, who are the world's greatest consumers of rubber goods, are bound to be interested in the formation of the Rubber Institute by twelve of the leading American rubber manufacturers, observes the *New York Times*. This new organization, which is not to be confused with the Rubber Association of America or the American Rubber Pool, is to be to the rubber industry what the Cotton Textile Institute is to the cotton industry, and what similar organizations are to sugar, wool, and alcohol. The Institute starts off with a Director-General, or "czar," in the person of Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, who was a figure of national importance a few years ago as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition enforcement. Every rubber-goods manufacturer in the United States will be asked to join the Institute. The original members are the Ajax Rubber Company, Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company, Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, the Fisk Rubber Company, B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Inc., Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Manhattan Rubber Manufacturing Company, Miller Rubber Company, Sieberling Rubber Company, United States Rubber Company, and the Hood Rubber Company. The Institute, according to General Andrews, will have nothing to do with purchasing, but will deal with the handling of the manufactured product.

General Andrews does not expect the organization to bring about lower prices for rubber, but rather to stabilize them eventually. In his opinion the stability of the rubber industry has been badly upset by price cutting and price concessions. He says:

It will be my purpose and the function of the Institute to provide for intelligent, individual business management, operating independently, an opportunity to do business at a fair profit and on a basis of wholesome competition, and to see that the industry conducts itself entirely within the law, eliminates unfair trade practices, and provides a maximum of service both to the industry and to the public.

The organization of the Rubber Institute is characterized as "one of the most important forward steps in the history of the rubber industry" by F. R. Henderson, President of the Rubber Exchange of New York. Stabilization of the rubber industry, says the *Columbus Dispatch*, speaking for several of our dailies, "will mean much to America from the economic standpoint." Few, writes J. C. Royle from New York for the *Consolidated Press*, will envy Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews his new job:

Competition in the rubber and tire industry is as sharp as in any basic line of endeavor in America. In times past, profit margins have been cut almost to the vanishing point in this struggle of trade rivals. Bitter animosities exist among the men prominent in the industry, and more than one company in the past has found dissension within its own household.

The cost of crude rubber is an all-important one in the trade, and here interests are not identical. At least three of the companies in the new institute grow a part of their own crude-rubber requirements. Hence they are not so eager for extremely low-cost rubber as those who have to buy all their supplies in a market dominated largely by British and Dutch planters and dealers.

The dangers of the situation may be realized more readily when it is considered that the organization of manufacturers (American Rubber Pool), formed with the approval of the Federal Government, to buy crude rubber for all members, suffered a paper loss of at least \$20,000,000 overnight when the restriction on export of rubber from the Straits Settlements was removed by the British Government. That is, they held \$40,000,000 worth of rubber and found the price cut in half under them.

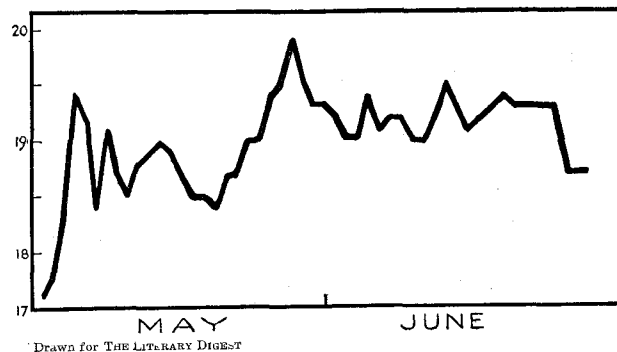
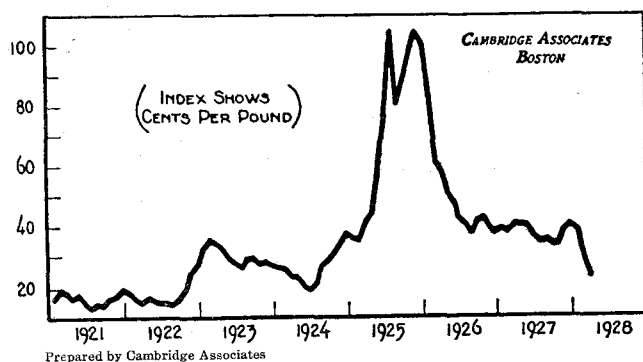
Ultimately the entire rubber and tire trade will benefit from low-priced crude rubber, but before that time comes General Andrews probably will have a few more wrinkles in his brow. The price of cotton also is a big factor, and recent weather conditions have not been regarded by the tire men as favorable.

Finally, there are the mail-order houses, which noticeably are not members of the Rubber Institute. They have most of their tires made for them by rubber manufacturers, but they market them under their own trade numbers, and are subject to no restrictions or regulations of merchandising which General Andrews or the Institute may devise. On the other hand, the members of



RUBBER'S NEW RULER

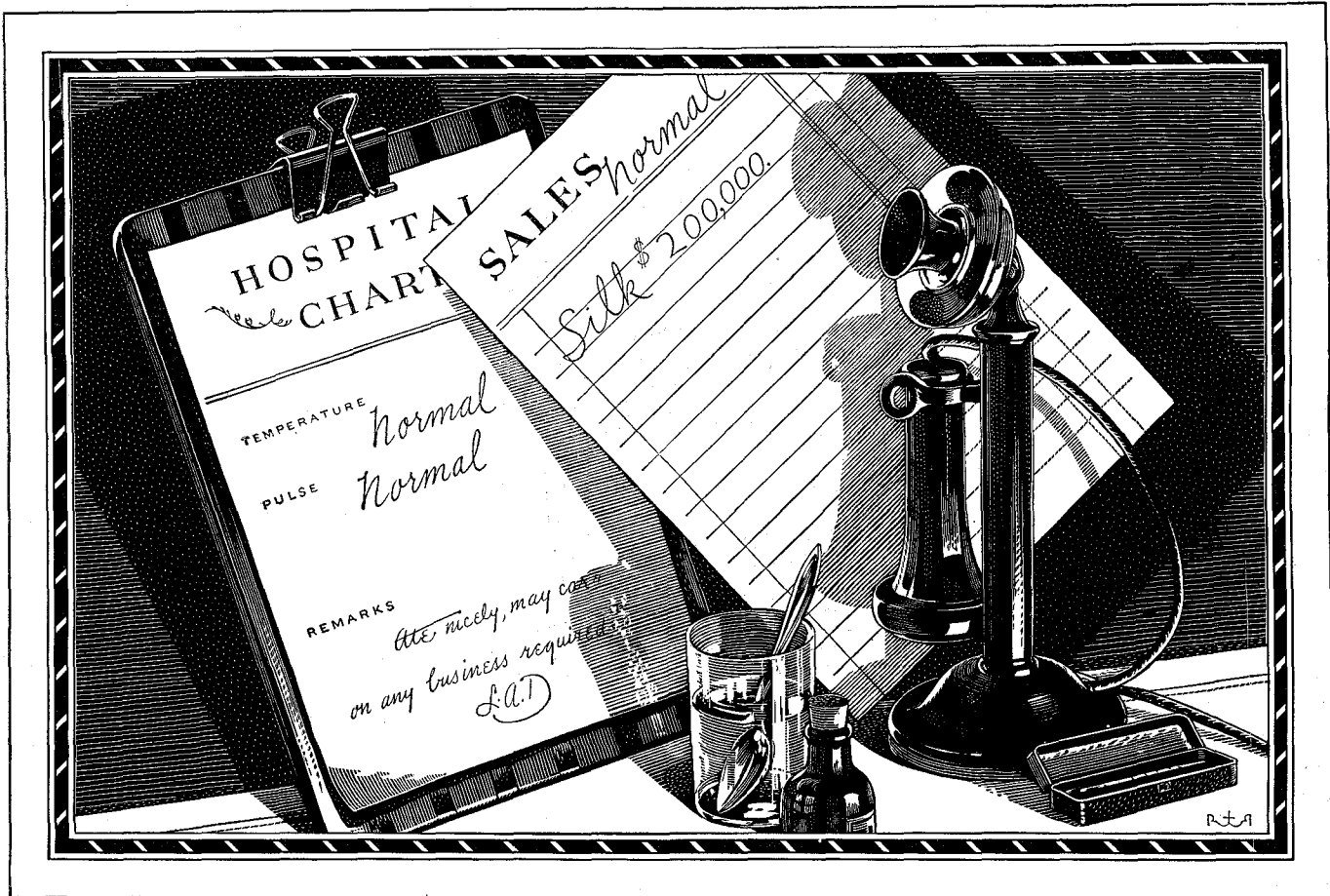
Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, former chief Prohibition enforcer, says: "I wondered why I was appointed to this position as czar of rubber, and somebody told me it was because the rubber industry was all wet."



HOW RUBBER PRICES FLUCTUATE—FROM YEAR TO YEAR, AND FROM DAY TO DAY

The diagram at the left shows the changes in the price of crude rubber since 1920. Note the upward spurt in 1925 due to the Stevenson plan for restricting the exportation of rubber grown in British possessions. The more recent downward trend is a result of the abandonment of the Stevenson plan, which was announced in April. The chart at the right shows the daily fluctuations of the price of crude rubber, the curve representing the closing price in cents each day during May and June.

Laid up in the Hospital he sold \$200,000 worth of Silk



☞ An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than \$200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 to 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold \$1280 worth of tires; charges, \$6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

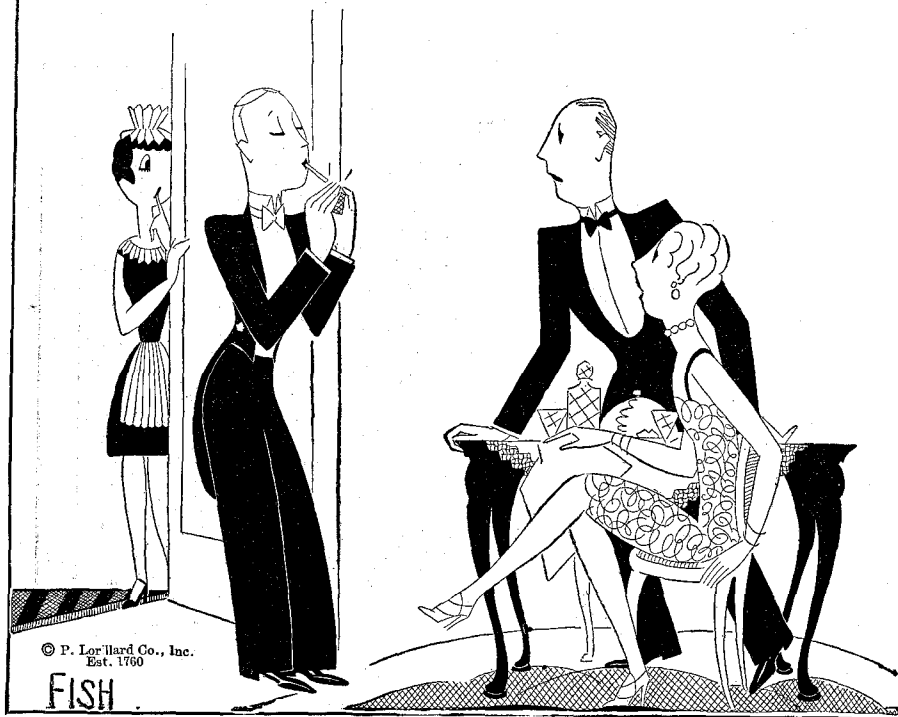
You will be surprised how little the calls now cost.

New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, \$8.75. Dallas to Chicago, \$3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. Calling by number takes less time. . . . *Number, please?*



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you show up for
Wednesday's party on Friday night be
nonchalant light a MURAD Cigarette.



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Est. 1760

FISH

SIMONDS

SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

CIRCULAR SAWS
THAT MEET EVERY
CUTTING NEED

WHETHER you cut wood, metal,
rubber, leather, paper, cloth,
cork, bone, horn, ivory or slate, you
can safely depend upon a Simonds
cutting edge.

Simonds Saws, Circular Cutters and
Machine Knives mean rapid cutting,
fast production, low cost. Specify
Simonds for economy!

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY

"The Saw Makers"

Fitchburg, Mass.

Established 1832

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

the Institute and its "czar" have a sound and substantial basis on which to work. The companies themselves are in better position to-day than they have been in a long time. The demand for both original equipment and replacement tires is insistent, and consumption promises to increase as the year progresses. New products are being originated and are catching the public fancy. High-priced inventories are rapidly being worked off.

Stabilization of conditions in the industry, the adoption of a code of ethics, and formulation of a sound policy of merchandising will be received with satisfaction by consumers and manufacturers alike.

Following as it does the decision of the British Government to discontinue the restriction of rubber production in the Malay States and elsewhere, the formation of the Rubber Institute is taken by the *New York Times* as "another reminder that the United States still is dependent on foreign sources for its rubber supplies." These, we are told, are the outstanding facts in the situation:

The United States consumes about two-thirds of the world's rubber; American interests control less than 3 per cent. of the world's production of rubber. In other words, the American people continue to be dependent on foreign sources for practically all the rubber which they use. It has been estimated that upward of 12,000,000 in this country, aside from being users of rubber in one form or another, are dependent on occupations which, in turn, depend on rubber as an essential. The ever-increasing millions of automobiles alone account for an enormous share of the rubber used. Many other industries are also dependent upon it. As yet no satisfactory substitute has been found.

The British Rubber Growers' Association has recently issued a statistical pamphlet which lists the total American-owned or controlled rubber lands as 105,000 acres, out of a world's total of 4,750,000 acres. Of this, three-quarters is in the Dutch East Indies, the balance in the Straits Settlements and elsewhere. This does not include areas like Liberia, where the lands have not yet begun to produce. It means that the British and Dutch continue to control the larger part of the world's rubber production. The latest figures from Dutch sources indicate that had the British restriction plan been continued throughout this year the British share of the world's rubber output would have dropped to 55¼ per cent., whereas the Dutch share would have risen to 41¾ per cent. This includes what is technically called "native rubber," as well as "plantation rubber," i. e., rubber grown by the natives on small holdings.

There is now talk of Anglo-Dutch co-operation in a plan of so-called "voluntary restriction," which will endeavor to raise the price of rubber artificially. If this can be done, the American consumer will again "pay the piper." While there are many obstacles in the way of working out some such plan to boost rubber prices, it is not impossible of achievement. If American interests controlled a larger share of the world's rubber production, there would be

little likelihood that any such effort to raise prices would even be considered.

Another discussion of the rubber situation appears in *Trade Winds*, a business magazine published by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, and is from the pen of Mr. J. R. Nutt, President of the Trust Company. To quote:

As an offset to the disadvantage of fluctuating raw-material prices, the tire industry is fortunate in having a steadier demand for its products than American industries.

There are now about 23,000,000 automobiles in the country and a yearly output of new cars averaging 4,000,000. This would seem to give assurance to the industry that the demand for replacement and original equipment will continue to establish new high annual records.

The year 1927 was one of general prosperity in the industry, and the trade as a whole faces 1928 with the prospect of good demand for its products. A reasonable estimate in view of the improvement in the automobile industry is that 70,000,000 tires will be sold during the current year, against 65,000,000 in 1927 and 60,000,000 in 1926. The expenditure for tires in 1928 should exceed \$800,000,000.

The drop in the price of crude rubber, as *The Wall Street Journal* points out, meant that tire prices eventually will have to be cut, and so—

June 11 the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company announced price reductions in all grades of tires, averaging about 10 per cent. The other manufacturers have met these reductions or expect to shortly.

"COMPETITIVE INDUSTRIES" AS THE KEY TO PROSPERITY

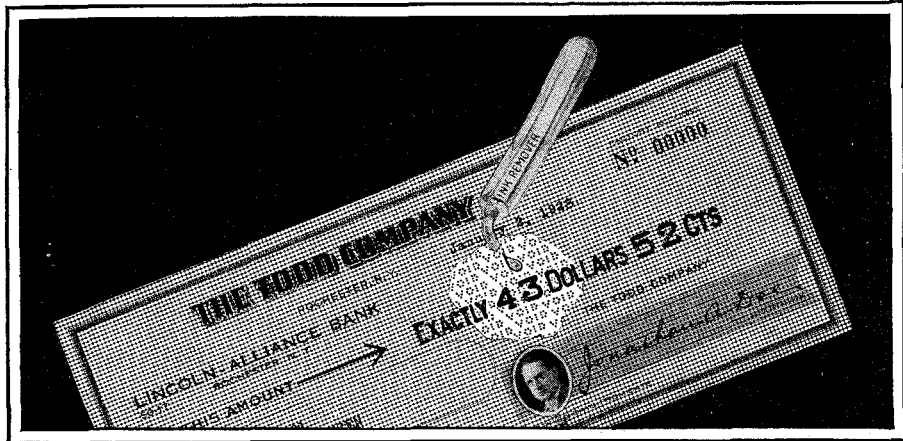
BY "competitive industries" Mr. Paul W. Brown means not those that compete with each other but those for which different locations may compete, because they are not tied down to any particular spot by necessity of being near either their raw materials or their customers. Three-fifths of our industries are thus free to locate where they please, and it is these that are the recipients of attention from anxious Chambers of Commerce. These industries, declares Mr. Brown, constitute "the key to prosperity." He writes in *The Executives' Magazine* (St. Louis), of which he is editor:

Two-fifths of American industry is tied and bound to particular localities, one-fifth by the presence or absence of raw materials, the other one-fifth by the presence or absence of people in its immediate vicinity to use its service or products. The saw-mill is the perfect type of the first class; the ice-plant of the second.

The other sixty per cent. is composed of industries that may go almost anywhere. In view of the fact that almost every city of the Southwest is trying by an industrial survey to ascertain its real factory possibilities, this is a fact that carries with it a thrill, an inspiration. Is your city small? Eighty per cent. of the field is still open to you. Is your city located far from any salient raw material? Eighty per cent. of the field is still open to you.

Is yours a contented, sleepy place, which

A check as tamper-proof as though it were your personal bank-note



The intricately patterned surface of Todd Greenbac Checks defies exact reproduction. Here a conventional design, unlike the check itself, is used for illustration.

THE instant an attempt is made to alter a Todd Greenbac Check hundreds of imprints of "VOID" appear, canceling the check and foiling the forger. The intricately tinted surface has concealed beneath its design more than a thousand imprints of "VOID," ready instantly to leap into prominence if alteration is attempted.

A secret process involving interlocking patterns of different colors makes the Todd Greenbac Check the safest and one of the most attractive checks ever produced. Every step in its manufacture is safeguarded. Every sheet of Greenbac paper is registered. Todd Greenbac Checks are never sold in blank sheets but are lithographed and printed only to order and are delivered under seal to the customer. This careful preparation avoids any possibility of counterfeiting.

Todd Greenbac Checks provide, for business and personal funds, the greatest protection against insidious sources of check losses—change of payee's name,

date and number and counterfeiting. They are in use by many thousands of banks, business houses and individuals who regard them as the bank-note among checks.

Although made from the finest quality paper and providing the most certain security, Todd Greenbac Checks are not expensive. Their cost—over the cheapest of checks—is very little.

A Todd representative will be glad to discuss Greenbac Checks with you. Get in touch with the Todd office in your city. Or send us the coupon for further information. The Todd Company, *Protectograph Division*. (Est. 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

THE TODD COMPANY 7-14-28
Protectograph Division
1143 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me further information
about Todd Greenbac Checks.
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Business _____
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TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

Super-Endurance
The tire that outlasts the guarantee!

Murray
The ORIGINAL long mileage guarantee



Murray
"NOT A WORRY"
De LUXE

GUARANTEED
24,000 miles
IN WRITING

**Murray Air-Tite Tire Saver
PUNCTURE PROOF TUBES**

form a continuous bridge of compressed rubber inside your tires. The compression squeezes the rubber together, and closes the puncture.

This magnificent Murray De Luxe stands supreme. We do not boast of an occasional long mileage on this or that car—but we GUARANTEE EVERY TIRE for 24,000 MILES—including security against Stone-bruise, Rim-cut and Rupture.

**WITH EITHER CARE OR ABUSE
Murray De Luxe Tires WILL
OUTRUN ANY OTHERS BUILT.**

Based on this mileage, the prices below are the LOWEST EVER OFFERED.

It is not necessary to buy the Puncture Proof Tube with the De Luxe Tire to get the guaranteed mileage.

PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF

Just check in the coupon below the Tire or Tube you want, and mail to us, and we will promptly send them C. O. D. subject to your approval, or mail your check. Your money back with return transportation charges paid, if you are not satisfied 100% at any time.

*If you prefer to buy from your dealer,
send us his name.*

WE PAY TRANSPORTATION

CHECK AND MAIL THIS COUPON

DE LUXE TIRES	PUNCTURE PROOF TUBES	DE LUXE BALLOONS	PUNCTURE PROOF TUBES
30x3½ \$11.50	\$8.60	29x4.40 \$14.25	\$9.40
32x4 20.95	9.95	30x4.50 15.25	11.45
32x4½ 27.10	11.80	29x4.75 19.80	11.75
33x4½ 28.50	12.05	30x5.00 20.40	13.75
30x5 37.95	14.60	30x5.25 22.80	14.00
33x5 40.80	15.50	31x5.25 23.60	14.30
34x5 42.50	15.75	30x6.00 26.40	14.85
32x6 60.80	17.45	32x6.00 27.20	15.40
36x6 64.80	19.10	33x6.00 27.75	15.70
34x7 75.20	22.15	32x6.75 36.00	17.20
		33x6.75 36.80	17.60

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Murray Rubber Company

TRENTON, N. J.

Branch: 601 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

has developed its raw material plants and brought its population industries up to the level which the population of the town or region indicated—and then stopt? There's 60 per cent. of the field still untouched!

When the average man says "industry," he is usually thinking of this third group, which might make automobile tires in Cincinnati, but as a matter of fact makes them in Akron; which might make machine tools in Akron, but in fact makes them in Cincinnati. Why, in the competitive industrial fields, are railway cars and shoes built at St. Louis, automobiles at Detroit, and knit goods at Utica, New York? The answer lies in the field of human enterprise. These are among the fascinating questions raised by the competitive industries.

The competitive industries come closely home to the ultimate consumer. They make the fabrics he wears, the automobile he drives, the stove that cooks his dinner, the bed he sleeps on, the railway car that takes him away on his vacation, the picture that moves before him on the screen, the radio that brings the voice of the great artist from the distant town, the electric fan that cools his office, the shoes on his feet, the ring on his finger, the eyeglass on his nose.

The competitive industries, not tied down as to location, are at once the hope and the despair of the American "booster" of industrial progress. They respond first of all to initiative, brains, and energy.

Gary, Indiana, is the perfect example of the workings of competitive industry. When the steel industry placed its greatest unit at Gary, there were no people. There were no raw materials of any kind. There was nothing but an unprepossessing sand flat. Yet here to-day ore freighters dump their cargoes, blast furnaces send forth their charge of liquid iron, and giant rolls turn out steel rails like weenies out of a sausage machine.

It has long been evident that initiative plays a large part in industrial growth. From this accurate observation has grown the quite incorrect assumption that these industries will go anywhere if we get out and "boost" hard enough, raise a donation to start them out, and hurrah loud and long. Many a silent factory building witnesses the falsity of this whoop-'em-up theory.

The competitive industries, like all businesses, locate and grow and move in response to cost considerations. They are under no such rigid limitations as the raw material and population industries. The cheapest place to saw a log into lumber is as near as possible to the stump. The cheapest place to make ice and ice-cream is as near the ice-box and the dinner table as possible. But the cheapest place to make automobiles for California is Detroit, to make shoes for Louisiana and Colorado is St. Louis, to make cotton cloth for Illinois is in the Carolinas.

The competitive industries are all-important. In this group lies the Key to Prosperity. Let us look at an apparent exception to the general rule. We invite your attention to Massachusetts.

On the basis of a region poor in raw materials but rich in brains and initiative, the New Englanders built a towering edifice of competitive industry. In a country without cattle ranges and great packing centers, New England built a monumental shoe industry. In a State without cotton and with only a few sheep, Massachusetts



**This Safe, Scientific New
Way to Strength and Health!**

NEVER before have the health-building powers of sunlight been as fully appreciated as they are today.

A few minutes a day with the Battle Creek SUNARC Bath stores up new vitality, increases resistance to disease, makes you look and feel 100% better. Delicate women and children are immensely benefited by its health-stimulating ultra-violet and infra-red rays, found only in the Carbon Arc Lamp—the Battle Creek SUNARC.

Get the Sunbath Habit!

The largest health institutions in the world use Battle Creek SUNARC Baths. Leading Physicians have equipped their offices with this tested scientific aid to health. Visit your Doctor and enjoy the benefits of artificial sunlight—which is even more beneficial than natural sunlight—richer in the health-giving ultra-violet rays. Keep the entire family fit by periodic sun-bathing the SUNARC way.

Send for Free Book!

If your Doctor is not equipped with the SUNARC Bath write TODAY for "Sunshine and Health", an intensely interesting free book, telling how you can enjoy SUNARC baths, right in your own home.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.

Dept. 225-MB Battle Creek, Mich.



The Battle Creek "SUNARC Bath" is made by the manufacturers of the famous Battle Creek "Health Builder" and the "Mechanical Health Horse."

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**Battle Creek
SunArc Bath**
SUNSHINE AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

There Is Always One Best Word

to express, in speech or writing, the exact thought you have in mind. *English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions*; by JAMES C. FERNALD, L. H. D., will give you just that word and just the right preposition to follow it. Cloth \$1.90, by mail \$2.00. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

Book-length manuscripts on any and all subjects—educational, travel, religious, general literature, etc. All manuscripts promptly read and reported upon. Royalty contract given for books accepted and published. Return postage should accompany all manuscripts submitted.

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**JOHNSON'S
FOOT SOAP**
ACTS LIKE MAGIC
ON TIRED, TENDER, SMARTING,
SWOLLEN, PERSPIRING FEET
25 CENTS • ALL DRUGGISTS

business men built a textile industry known all over the world. But these are competitive industries, and with the growth of initiative and capital in other sections a grievous hurt is being done to New England industry as a whole.

What has handicapped Massachusetts? Geographic location, reflected in shipping costs on raw materials and finished products? No; the very idea is absurd. It is costs of other kinds which stare the Massachusetts manufacturer in the face, and make him wish his shoe factory was in St. Louis, or his cotton mill in the Piedmont district.

But here's a brighter picture. Consider Michigan—a State much richer in raw materials than Massachusetts. Rich deposits of iron and copper, notable beds of salt, a wonderful white-pine timber heritage, and a climate tempered by the lakes to a steadiness that makes fruit a safe venture, gave Michigan industry both mineral and agricultural impulses.

Broadly speaking, however, the story of Michigan industry is told by the automobile. In 1914, 25 per cent. of her workers were making automobiles; in 1925, 45 per cent. of her workers were making them. She has unreservedly thrown her eggs into the automobile basket.

Each kind of industry has its limiting factors. A population industry may grow with its city. A raw material industry may grow with the region which contributes the raw material. But a competitive industry may make your city the supplier of the nation and may grow as big as the national market.

A bakery owner was formerly simply the owner of a bakery. With the growth of the chain idea the bakery owner may become a Big Business Man. For the individual business man the chain idea has taken population industries out of the small class and given them Aladdin-like powers of growth. But to the individual city a chain bakery brings no more than an individual bakery; indeed it may bring less in bank deposits and local buying power.

We are informed by various more or less well-meaning foreign critics that what we most need is to tell "the American spirit" of hustle and energy and enterprise to go back into the rear tier of seats and sit down. It is rather painful, therefore, to be compelled to observe that in the industrial race of the next few years the industrial victory will be, apparently, to the community which makes the most perfect compound of faith, hope, and horse-sense—and then puts behind it the largest amount of that energy of which we are informed we already have too much. That new entrant, the Great Southwest, just girding itself for the great industrial sweepstakes, stands now where New England stood one hundred years ago—where Pittsburgh stood when Carnegie was a boy. It seems probable that some more American industrial history is about to be made in the characteristically American way.

Diplomacy.—An Oxford undergraduate son of the vicarage discovered that he was uncomfortably short of doubloons, so he spent some time concocting a letter which should have the right effect upon a somewhat severe and pious parent. When finally completed, the letter read as follows: "My dear Father: I wonder if you will oblige me very greatly by sending me a copy of this month's 'Parish Magazine,' also a five-pound note. P.S.—Don't forget the 'Parish Magazine.'"—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

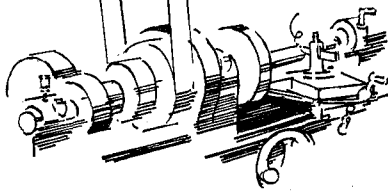
**Here is a
STAINLESS STEEL
that will save
manufacturers
thousands of
dollars....**

**MACHINES
*Easily***

**POLISHES
*Easily***

**GRINDS
*Easily***

*And it will do all these
things without the slightest
sacrifice of Rust-Resistance
and Corrosion-Resistance.*



If you are a manufacturer and have found that ordinary "Stainless" slows up your production—is too hard on your tools—or too difficult to polish—here is just the right Stainless Steel for you—Carpenter Stainless Steel No. 5—the only Free-

Cutting Stainless Steel made.

If your experiments with ordinary Stainless Steel were unsatisfactory—write now for samples of Carpenter Stainless Steel No. 5 or full information.

THE CARPENTER STEEL CO.

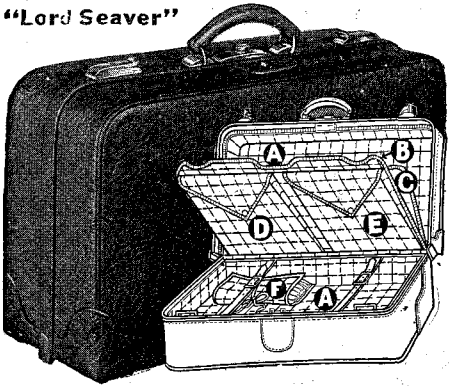
Tool and Alloy Steels Exclusively

READING, PA.

Manufacturers and Originators of

Carpenter
STAINLESS STEEL NO. 5
(Patent applied for) *The Free-Cutting Stainless*

SW America's Smartest Gladstone "Lord Seaver"



You Never Saw Such a Bag

FIVE Bags combined in one, at practically the price of one:—A Gladstone Bag, a Suitcase, a Traveling Bag, a Brief Case, a Shoe Bag. (2) colors:—Black, Rich Brown. (State preference.)

Exclusive Features Found Only in "Lord Seaver"

- (A) Two spacious compartments. One compartment may be used for clean clothes; the other for soiled clothes!
- (B) Center partition separating (A) and (A). Keeps contents of each compartment neat, tidy and orderly!
- (C) Shirt pocket with extra wide bellows. Holds more shirts!
- (D) Pocket for toilet accessories!
- (E) Brief case pocket for manuscripts, stationery, reports, lay-outs, wallet, catalogues, pens, pencils, etc. May be used for ties, collars, handkerchiefs, socks.
- (F) Shoe Bag with drawstrings. Folds compactly. Keeps shoes from soiling clothes. You simply MUST see "LORD SEAVER" to appreciate it. A place for everything—everything in its place! Pack and unpack in half the time!

Sold DIRECT! FREE TRIAL!

GLADSTONE Bags today are the "dictate of fashion"—the choice of experienced travelers! "LORD SEAVER" is the "aristocrat" of GLADSTONE! GENUINE Cowhide, richly grained, 24-inch size; welted soft sides; pressed steel frame that makes GLADSTONE astonishingly LIGHT! English tailored lines with that indefinable air of "class"! You never saw such a handsome, roomy, light-weight, practical Gladstone Bag. Compare it with a \$50 Case! Enormous orders for leather, couple it with our economical \$29.35 "Direct-by-Mail" method makes possible the low price.

**Our Plan
is Different!**

It is arousing nation-wide comment. We ask for NO money in advance! NOTHING on Delivery! See, Try, Test, ENJOY "Lord Seaver" for 10 days ABSOLUTELY FREE!

If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan: \$6 MONTHLY or if you prefer to pay cash at the end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$2.40 and send Check or Money Order for \$26.95 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return it. Order NOW at this Special Price! **\$26.95**

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, International Mail-Order House

365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Distributors of "Lord Seaver" Gladstone Bag.

Gentlemen—Send me "LORD SEAVER" for 10 Days' FREE Trial on "NO Money in advance—NO money on Delivery" Plan.

Color desired: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Clip and mail this Ad. NOW. If a new customer please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU! L.D. - 7-14-28



Now Made to Measure
and sold

DIRECT TO USER
at
ATTRACTIVE PRICES

Also Wonderful Values
In Cheaper Overcoats

Direct Salesmen will find them great sellers because of their National reputation for wearing qualities, authentic styles and beautiful tailoring. Fall Suit, Topcoat and Overcoat Lines are now ready.

Gentlemen:

- [] Send me new Catalog in actual colors.
- [] Am interested in selling your nationally known line direct to consumer.

NAME: _____

Address: _____

F. A. PATRICK & CO. - Desk 10
DULUTH, MINN.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 27.—A mob tears down the blank balustrade being raised on the new Louvain library in place of the one sponsored by Whitney Warren, American architect, which bears the words "Destroyed by German fury, rebuilt by American generosity."

Marshal Pilsudski resigns as Premier of Poland, but is retained as Minister of War.

June 29.—Survivors of the *Italia* on the ice of North East Land are reported to have drifted nine miles further, and the ice conditions are said to be growing worse.

Leo Ditrichstein, famous Austrian actor, dies at Auersperg, that country. He was sixty.

June 30.—Fifty-one miners are killed by a coal-dust blast in a mine near the town of Roche La Molière, France.

July 1.—Avery Hopwood, American playwright and producer, is drowned off Juan les Pins, France. He was forty-four.

The Russian Soviet flyer, Babuskin, who took off June 29 to help rescue the surviving members of the crew of the *Italia*, is reported missing.

Gen. Alvaro Obregon is elected President of Mexico for a six-year term, commencing December 1. He was the only candidate to succeed President Calles.

July 2.—Sweden nominates Charles Evans Hughes to succeed Dr. John Bassett Moore on the World Court of International Justice.

DOMESTIC

June 27.—Robert B. Mantell, noted Shakespearian actor, dies at his home at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. He was seventy-four.

June 28.—Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York is nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, receiving 849½ votes out of the 1,100 in the convention, on the first ballot.

June 29.—Governor Smith accepts the Democratic Presidential nomination and announces that he believes "there should be fundamental changes in the present provisions for national Prohibition," and that he feels it "to be the duty of the chosen leader of the people to point the way."

Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas is nominated Democratic candidate for Vice-President by a vote of 1,035½.

Arthur J. Barton of Atlanta, Chairman of the Board of Temperance of the Baptist Convention, and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, Southern Methodist, issue a call for dry Southern Democrats to meet at Asheville, North Carolina, July 11 to "organize at once for the election of dry Democratic Senatorial, Congressional and State nominees for public offices, and for the defeat of the wet Tammany candidate for President, Governor Smith."

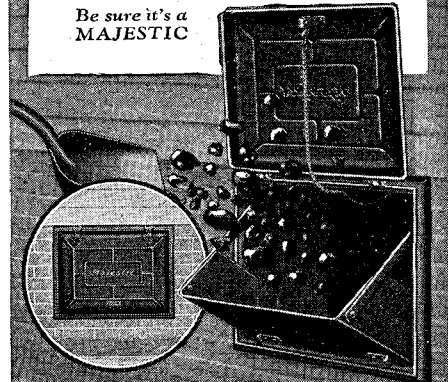
June 30.—Four yachts, the *Nina*, *Pinta*, *Mohawk*, and *Isabella*, said to be the smallest yachts that ever attempted it, start on a race from New York to Santander, Spain, for the cup offered by Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain.

THE MARK OF A MODERN HOME

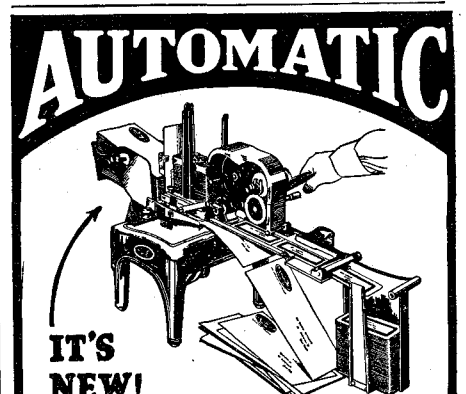
VALUE in a home is judged by details—and a Majestic Coal Window in the foundation is a detail that indicates value throughout. It is also evidence that the foundation and side-wall will be well-protected when coal is delivered. The Majestic is guaranteed break-proof—built to serve and to last. See that you get this better coal window in the home you buy or build. Write for the Majestic catalog of coal windows and other products for the modern home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
100 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.

Be sure it's a
MAJESTIC



Majestic Coal Window



IT'S
NEW!

NO more slow hand-feeding of envelopes into an addressing machine one by one! — Get a demonstration of this wonderful new popular-priced addresser. — It automatically feeds envelopes into itself as fast as you can turn the crank.

DOES A DAY'S WORK
IN 5 MINUTES

Four times faster than other addressing machines of similar size and price.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us.

ELLIOTT

ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
147 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

FOR FIFTY YEARS

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

have afforded the purest, sweetest and most satisfactory method of caring for the skin and hair.

Postal inspectors state that no more than \$9,000 at most could have been stolen from the registered packages recently carried by the S.S. *Leviathan* to England. An earlier report stated that \$500,000 had been stolen.

Representatives of seven nations start off from Detroit in the James Gordon Bennett balloon race.

July 1.—The Federal Government closes its books for the fiscal year 1928 with a surplus of \$398,000,000, and showing a reduction of the national debt by more than \$900,000,000, according to a statement by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

The coast town of Libog, P. I., having a population of 7,000, and several villages are reported virtually destroyed by lava from the volcano Mayon.

Dr. John R. Mott, for forty years head of the Young Men's Christian Association in the United States, resigns to become President of the International Missionary Council.

July 2.—Dr. Hubert Work resigns as Secretary of the Interior, to manage Herbert Hoover's campaign.

Sir George Hubert Wilkins and Lieut. Carl B. Eielson, who flew over the Arctic sea from Alaska to Spitsbergen in April, arrive in New York and are officially welcomed at City Hall.

Lieut.-Com. Thalbert Nelson Alford and Lieut.-Com. William Butler, U. S. N., are killed when the naval seaplane they were flying crashes in Narragansett Bay.

Boiling Oil Too Merciful.—"Well, madam, why don't you wish to serve on the jury?" asked the judge.

"I'm opposed to capital punishment."

"But this is merely a case in which a wife is suing her husband for an accounting. It seems she gave him \$500 to pay down on a handsome fur coat, and he is alleged to have lost the money at poker."

The woman juror spoke up promptly: "I'll serve. Maybe I'm wrong about capital punishment."—*Wright Engine Builder*.

He'd Sell Ice in Alaska.—A certain salesman was proposing to his best girl.

"And, sweetheart," he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she reminded him.

"I know, dear," he replied, "but it'll look awfully big beside your little feet!"

He got the job!—*Sales Tales*.

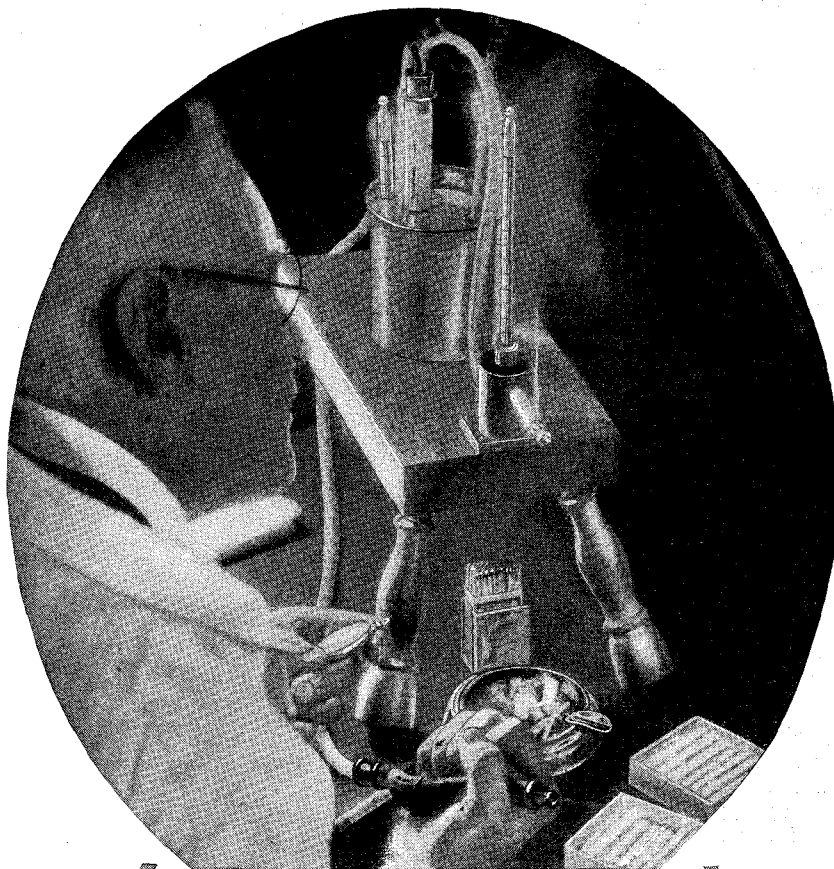
The Art of Being Ill.—When an Alva woman becomes ill, she puts on a newly ironed nightgown and fixes up her hair, but when a man takes down, he lets himself go to seed and looks like something the cats dragged in.—*Alva (Okla.) Review-Courier*.

No Chaperon Needed.—LADY (engaging maid)—"Regarding your evening out, I'm quite prepared to meet you half-way."

MAID—"That's be all right, ma'am I ain't a bit worried o' coming home in the dark."—*London Humorist*.

Sunday-School Erudition.—TEACHER—"Now, we all know about Noah's Ark. Do you know of any other ark?"

TOMMY—"Yes, miss, the one the 'erald hangels sing."—*Tit-Bits*.



The tobaccometer rates them...

Bulb draws smoke from cigarette through the apparatus. A sensitive thermometer registers temperature of the smoke.

Ten thousand puffs a day/

Timely science now comes forward with a mechanical "mouth and lungs"—to discover the secrets of cigarette smoke.

Through this engaging little device, a laboratory recently took 10,000 "puffs" in one day.

Two dozen leading brands of cigarettes were tested... Turkish and Virginia, high-brow and low-brow, thirty-five and fifteen cent varieties... all stripped of their claims and slogans, and rated by the cold figures of science.

Which was the coolest? Spud... coolest by 16.3% [cent].

This proves what thousands

felt they were experiencing in Spud: that Spud is actually and noticeably a cooler cigarette.

So come on, you cigarette enthusiasts! Spud is the smoke that abolishes that so-many-a-day discipline. Even at the end of a two-pack day, the Spud mouth and throat is still cool, moist, and pleasant.

Spud's first puff is an experience... a delightful little sweep of coolness. It tapers off in the next, and the next, to lusty tobacco fragrance and unlimited smoke enjoyment. Try Spud and see. At better stands.

Read of Spud's overnight success in the entertaining pages of "Welcome, Little Stranger". Free. Also send \$1 for Presentation Tin of 100.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes...20 for 20¢

THE • SPICE • OF • LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Tonsils or Haircut?—Irma Stickler had a tonsorial operation Tuesday by Dr. Walker of North Platte.—*North Platte (Neb.) paper.*

Catching Complaint.—ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—"Elizabeth, I believe I have lost the road."

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR'S WIFE—"Are you certain you had it when you left the house?"—*Life.*

Serve with Whipt Cream?—Never use soap on hair brushes. Dip the bristles up and down in hot ammonia water. Rinse and dry with vanilla and raisins.—*Denver News.*

Best De-Appetizer.—"I don't see how you can afford to take so many girls to expensive restaurants."

"That's easy; I always ask each girl, just before we go in, if she hasn't been putting on weight."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Cheap at the Price.—Deputy Sheriffs John Hancock and Smith Sutton face Federal charges of conspiring to defeat the dry law, while Burt L. Smith is alleged to have withheld information against a liquor-law violator in return for a \$100 bride.—*Salt Lake Telegram.*

Fellow Victims.—BURGLAR (waking householder during spring-cleaning epidemic)—"Excuse me, Mister, but d'yer 'appen ter know where the missus 'as put the silver among all this 'ere muddle?"—*Humorist (London).*

Passing It On.—Sandwich, Mass.—Free Masons here have given an old Methodist church hell to a Fall River Catholic church. It was acquired when the Masons bought the church for a temple.—*Charleston (S. C.) paper.*

Blueberry-pie Model.—It is stated that old films are used to make varnish for motor-cars. A very comic two-seater we saw the other day had probably been treated with a little early Charlie Chaplin.—*Humorist (London).*

And That's That.—C. F. Wright ("Chicken") announces his candidacy for the office of Constable.

Favors Al Smith, Sidney J. Catts, McNary-Haugen bill, Companionate Marriage, Enforcement of the Volstead Law and Federal Aid for Flood Control.

Against Ku Klux Klan, C. W. Tate, Republican party, Fall-Sinclair-Doheny Syndicate, Nicaraguan Situation and League of Nations.

C. F. Wright wants the job to make a living. Concedes that, if defeated the progress of Volusia county will not be impaired.—*DeLand (Fla.) paper.*

Sweet-tooth Pets.—The snakes, now huddled in boxes en route to Tulsa from Brownsville, Texas, are their proof the trip was a success. M. E. Erwin of the zoo staff Thursday prepared a cake for the specimens.—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper.*

Cocked-hat Parade.—ENGLISH SAILOR—"In our Navy each sailor has his own boxing gloves, his own punch ball and his own boxing partner."

GERMAN SAILOR—"What is that? In our Navy each sailor has his own Admiral."—*Der Wahre Jakob (Berlin).*

Hearty Hostilities.—In her own inimical way Mrs. Nat W. — entertained the Dorcas Bible class of the First Baptist Church.—*Texas paper.*

Heap Big Chief.—STRANGER—"So you are the postmaster, storekeeper, justice of the peace, and constable of this town?"

NATIVE—"Yassir! You might say I'm the Mussolini of Buckeye Corner."—*Chatham News.*

Try This on Your Ukulele.—Honolulu corporation wants young man for sales position. Knowledge of music essential but not necessary.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

Sound the Alarm.—Lois—"Dear, you have been so good to me that I am going to do you a favor. You can take me to dinner to-night."

DEAR—"That's great, Lois, does your mother know we're coming?"—*Wampus.*

Colorful Indeed!—Just one last visit to the "Old Kentucky home" and then Miss Virginia — is going back to the colorful romance of the Orient — and to the uniformed romance of the American naval officers to whom she is engaged.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Nifty Come-back.—

Ted Doner Said to Have Chance for Life After Fatal Auto Accident.
—*Head-lines in the San Diego (Cal.) Union.*

Straight from the Shoulder.—Asked to pray for warm weather so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a five-year-old girl knelt and said:

"Oh, Lord, please make it hot for grandma."—*Drexler.*

Deferred Payments—

ARIZONA JUDGE SENTENCES QUINTET TO HANG IN THREE INSTALMENTS

—*Denver News.*

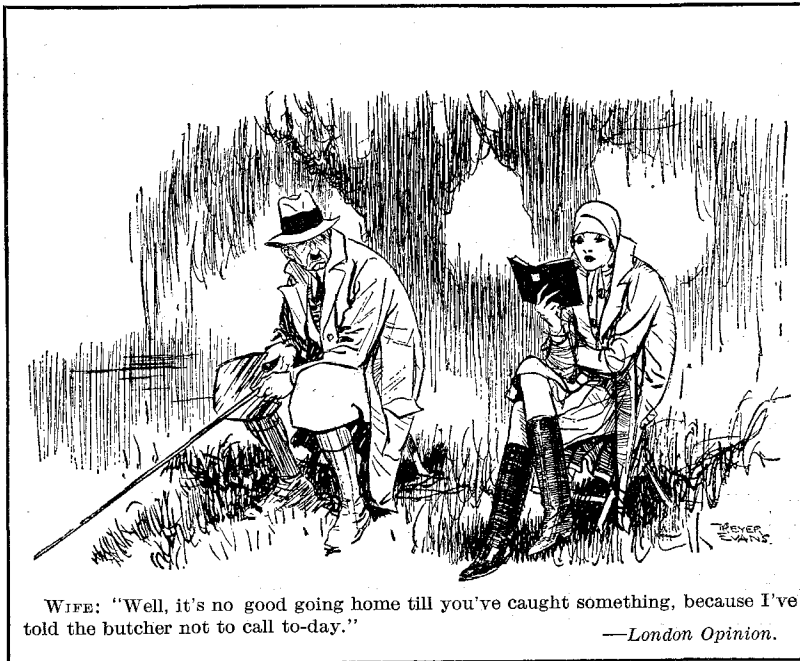
Sinner's Alibi.—Charlie Herpel told this one on his brother Frank:

Mrs. HERPEL (to Frank)—"There were three pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

FRANK—"Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."—*Southern Maryland Times.*

Knows Her Insect.—"My dear," remarked Jones, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "Nature is marvelous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man."

"Huh!" said his wife. "A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to discover that."—*Good Hardware.*



WIFE: "Well, it's no good going home till you've caught something, because I've told the butcher not to call to-day."

—*London Opinion.*

Cal's New Element.—Here's the bungalow fronting on the Brule River, in which the President will live.—*Picture caption in a Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

Ball and Chain.—WRITER—"What's wrong with having the hero and heroine finally marry?"

EDITOR—"Don't you know the public doesn't want sad endings?"—*College Humor.*

Given Away with a Box of Pills.—

LET US FILL YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

4 Registered Pharmacists

Same will be called for and delivered.

—*Ad in a Trenton paper.*

Too Much Heart.—A tramp asked the proprietor of a circus for a job. He was informed that he could become a lion-tamer. He was assured that it was easy—that the whole secret was in forcing the lions to believe he wasn't afraid of them.

"No," said the tramp, "I couldn't be so deceitful."—*Good Hardware.*

News: Dog Kicks Policeman.—PATROLMAN BEATEN AND ATTACKED BY FAMILY DOG

Patrolman Joseph Horrocks

Kicked in Abdomen and

Bitten by Canine in Jackson St. Home

—*Scranton (Pa.) paper.*